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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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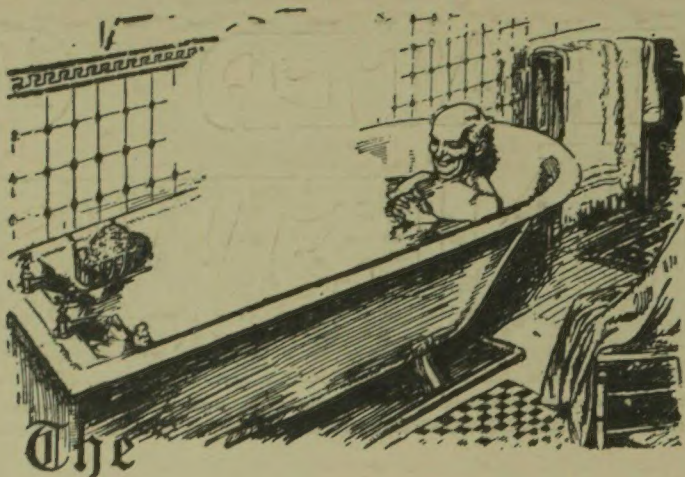
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TO Lord John Russell is attributed the great achievement of the invention of the bath tub. He was believed, in 1830, to be the only Englishman addicted to the luxury of a daily bath; and certainly it is since his day that the appreciation of hot water has become anything like general. The ancients knew its value, but in modern times the warm bath won men's hearts but slowly; and even in 1845 we find in Boston, U.S.A., bathing was made illegal save upon medical advice.

To-day the hot bath ranks no longer as an indulgent luxury, in which eccentrics, if they will, may wallow. A plentiful supply of good hot water is rightly regarded as essential, alike for comfort and for health, in every British home. Yet there are many homes from which the essential still is absent; where the supply is limited and it is sadly true to say: He who bathes last bathes least.

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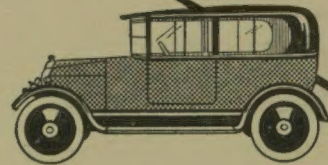
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With the issue of April 11,
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COMPETITION in

The Sketch

(Weekly)

See what is given to "Sketch" Readers WITHOUT ANY EXPENSE to themselves.

FIRST £1000 PRIZE

Also Prizes of £100, £50, and five of £10 each.

Many other interesting prizes will also be given (for details of which see the *Sketch* during the Competition) for a few minutes' thought in connection with the recent Cover-Design Competition.

All you have to do is to write twelve numbers under twelve pictures, and sign a form attached.

THERE IS NO CATCH IN THIS COMPETITION.

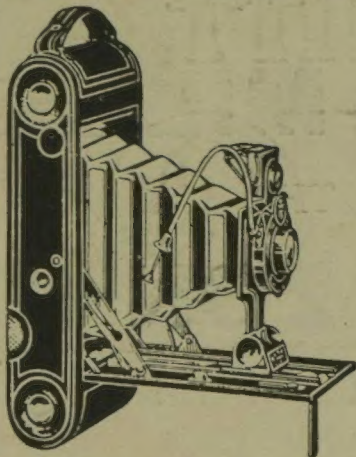
N.B.—Do not think that this prize is likely to be won by more than one person—at most, not more than two or three are likely to be successful—as there are many possible combinations of twelve numbers.

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SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

For full details of this amazing gift see the *Sketch* of Feb. 21, and all following issues.

N.B.—The *SKETCH* is published every Wednesday, price One Shilling. Order early from your Newsagent or the Publishing Office, 172, Strand; or you may lose your chance of competing in this wonderful competition.



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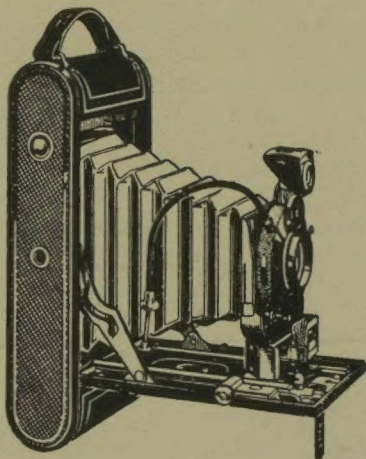
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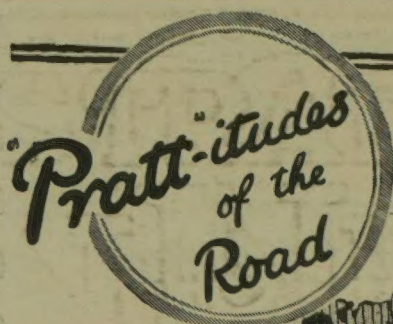
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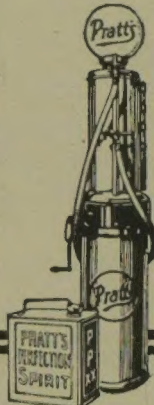


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Correspondence on these interesting subjects is invited.



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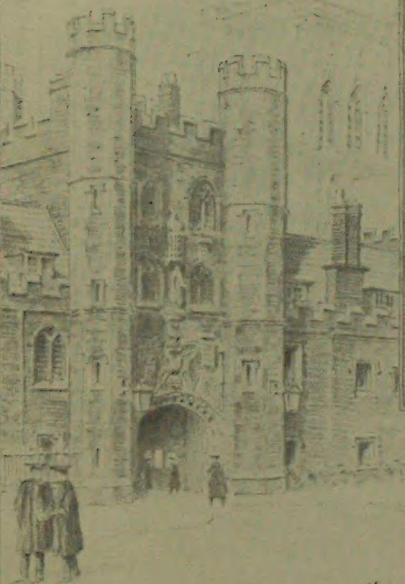
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the requirements of the Owner-Driver, especially as regards comfort and accessibility to all working parts.

The 12-20 H.P. 2-Seater here illustrated is a fine-looking car of proved power and reliability. It is, moreover, very economical: the petrol consumption being well over 30 m.p.g.

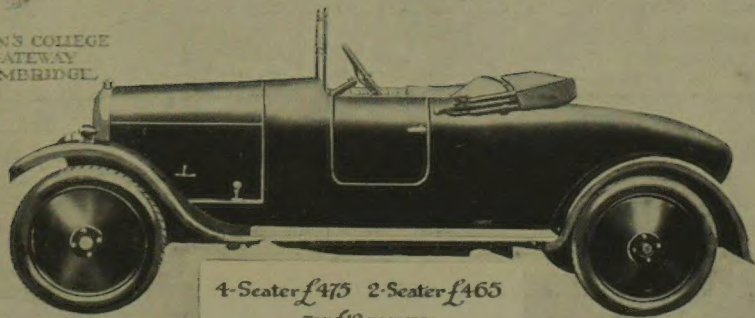
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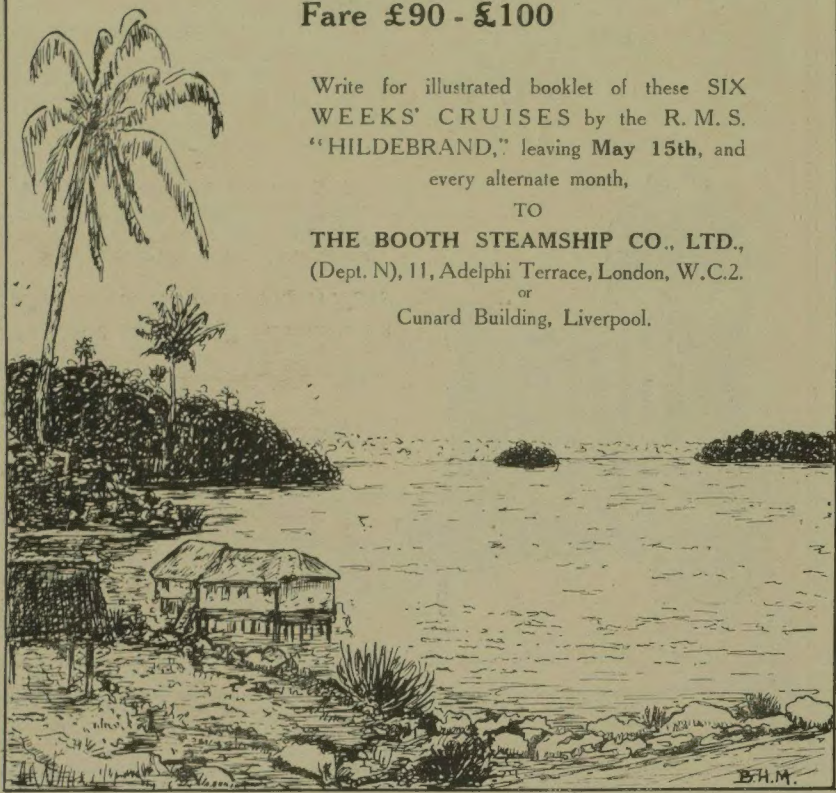
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THE TREASURE OF TRAPRAIN

Traprain is a hill in East Lothian, Scotland, whose strong formation afforded protection, some 2000 years ago, to a township of considerable importance.

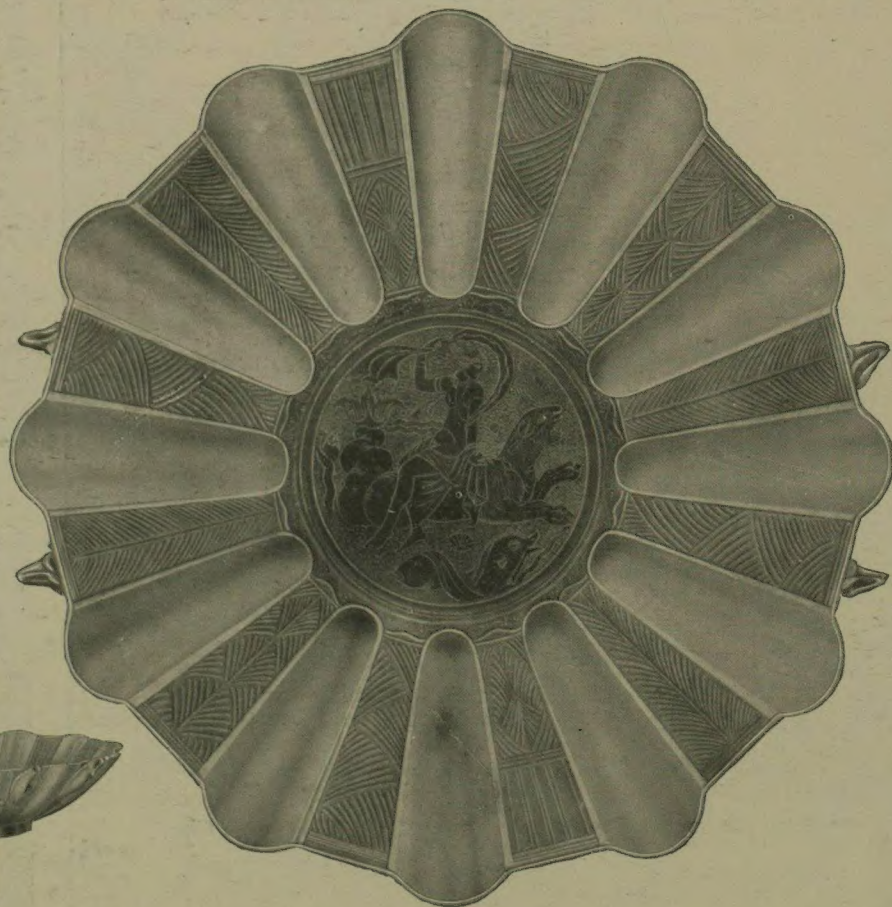
Later, a band of rovers made Traprain their headquarters, and it is supposed that the Treasure recently discovered represents a part of the proceeds of their raids.

This plunder was hurriedly buried on the approach of some danger, and has remained concealed until excavations recently conducted revealed its existence.

The Treasure is of Roman origin, dating to the Fourth Century of the Christian Era. It is the most extensive and varied find of Ancient Silver in Great Britain.

We have been authorised by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland to reproduce certain pieces in the find, and now illustrate a reproduction made by us of one of the principal vessels.

We shall be pleased to send this silver Dish on approval against remittance or references from two business firms. We invite correspondence on our other reproductions.



The principal feature of the "Amphitrite Dish" lies in the beautifully ornamented interior, as shown in the larger illustration. There the Goddess "Amphitrite," seated on a Sea Monster, is shown wending her way through the ocean. From the centre thus formed radiate panels, alternately sunk and flat, the former with a perfectly plain surface, the latter beautifully carved in different designs arranged in opposite pairs. Outwardly this dish is plain (see small illustration), with four swan-like handles attached. As a Fruit or Flower Bowl, as a Table Centre-piece, the "Amphitrite Dish" is unrivalled.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1923.

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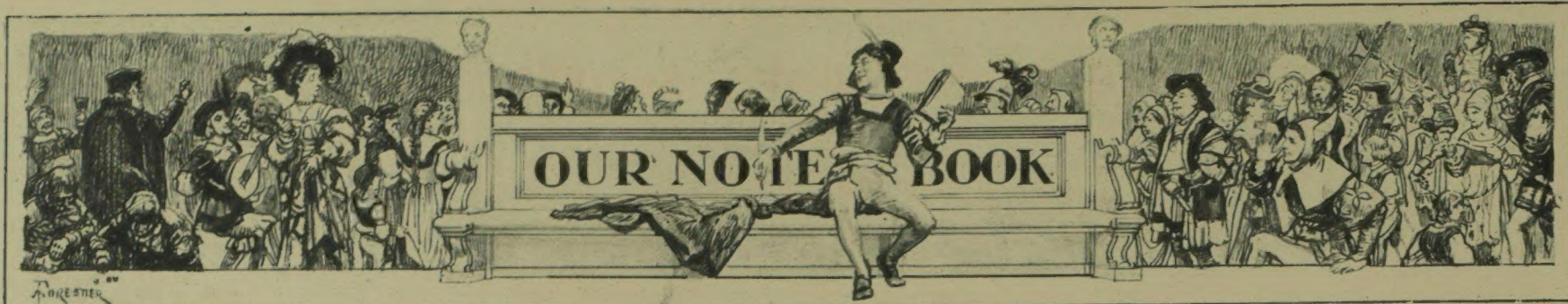


HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: THE UNICORN OF THE PACHYDERMS, A BIG RHINOCEROS PREPARED TO CHARGE PHOTOGRAPHED AT SIXTEEN YARDS—FROM "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME" FILM, AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

The situation of a photographer in the African bush, filming a healthy rhinoceros with his tail up and manifestly meditating a charge, at a range of 16 yards, must be far from enviable. Yet this remarkable feat has been actually performed by Major Radclyffe Dugmore, as shown in his startling film, "The Wonderland of

Big Game," which it was arranged to produce, with a running commentary by himself, at the Polytechnic Hall in Regent Street on April 11. Other photographs from the film, including a lion and lioness, appear on later pages in this number. It has all the thrills of big-game hunting, without the bloodshed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, THE WELL-KNOWN NATURALIST-AUTHOR AND BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER. BY COURTESY OF NATURAL FILMS, LTD.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE horrible folly of the murder of priests in Russia reminds one of many things. Revolutionary sceptics, especially Russian sceptics, used to be curiously perverse in their way of despising martyrdom and revering suicide. They derided the fanatical folly of men who got killed for their religion, and exalted the serene wisdom of men who were led to kill themselves by their philosophy. This affair will at least prove that Christians still know how to suffer martyrdom, and Bolsheviks how to commit suicide. In the course of it, it is said, a Marxian motto was displayed which ran: "The proletariat must be without a God." Which raises an interesting question about whether it recovers a God when it revolts and rises above the position of a proletariat. I never can understand why the Bolsheviks use the word proletarianism as if it were the perfect condition to be enjoyed, instead of being presumably the unjust condition to be ended. If a man in Old Virginia said: "Slaves must be without a God," he would presumably mean that they ought not to be slaves, because it is bad for them to be godless. But the only other thing he could mean is that it is good for them to be godless, and therefore they ought to be slaves. Neither makes sense in the Bolshevik case; but my thoughts have since strayed from the Bolshevik case to the general place of this negation among the nations of the earth.

Even in the Great War, which some of us remember, people used to be puzzled when I said that France is not atheistical, but Germany is. Frenchmen were known to be frog-eaters and free-thinkers; the two things clearly go together, and, indeed, one is about as descriptive as the other. This delusion is partly due to ignorance of the oligarchic character of most modern government—none being less representative than representative government. The German Emperor gave great prominence to the German God: almost as much as to the German Emperor. On the other hand, France is perhaps the one great country where politicians sometimes say there is no God. In all countries politicians act as if there were none. But throughout France, the family life is Christian; and, in the Roman sense, is pious even when it is pagan. And even the exceptional Frenchman is rather an antitheist than an atheist. There is a rather deep distinction. His atheism is a branch of anticlericalism. The realities in that society are a Church and its enemies, who enjoy being extremists. But in Germany, at least in North Germany, the problem is quite different. There it is not so much theological as psychological atheism. It is an assumption, and therefore an atmosphere; an atmosphere in which the divine oxygen is exhausted. Even in the little I have known of Prussians and Prussia long before the war, I felt this staleness like a smell. And I was tremendously interested the other day to find something very similar, attested by a better authority, and in one sense even an authority on the other side.

A very able and valuable book, called "The German Mind," was recently written by Miss Fanny Johnson, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Dodd. The author is in much greater sympathy with much of the northern creed and culture than I am; she is more in touch with the Teutonic type of idealism; and she is fully entitled to claim that her greater sympathy is founded on a much greater knowledge. She deals in the most thoughtful and thorough fashion with a vast variety of literary and philosophic forms in modern Germany; and work of that sort is a very wonderful thing to do thoroughly. Nothing calls for more imagination than criticism, when it has to review a crowd of creative differentiations, cranky and otherwise, and put itself into each peculiar position in turn. The work here is eminently fair, and certainly the very reverse of hostile. But, when all is allowed for, the conclusion of the author, as stated by herself, remains a rather remarkable one. "It is one of the main theses of this book to

show that on the side of reform, social regeneration, or whatever one might call it, they are, as it were, struck by a kind of paralysis, an atrophy of the will, which comes, I cannot but think, from having given up the habit of faith in the good governance of the world."

What I meant by the distinction between anti-theism and atheism could not be more exactly noted. Such people have lost the *habit* of belief; they are not merely taking a holiday from a habit. They are not in reaction against religion, but in inaction from the want of it; as the writer says, they suffer a paralysis and not merely a perversion of the will. The German intellectuals to whom I talked were not arming themselves to the teeth, like French atheists, to fight against the faith; they were simply taking it for granted that there was nothing to fight. And as there was nothing to fight against, so there

his people. Possibly he meant that God was the only moral fortress they were likely to get; and when they lost that, all their fortresses would fall. Anyhow, there is nothing more to be done with this sort of advance into the void; this progress over the precipice. It has come to its end, even if it is an endless end. The industrial intellectuals were always calling us romantic reactionaries and telling us that their clockwork civilisation must go on, because we could not put the clock back. And even as they spoke the clock stopped.

Wherever we are to look for progress, we cannot look for it to the progressives. The intensely interesting paradox of the present position is that it is exactly the advanced people who can advance no further. It is exactly the people who are always telling us to march further along the road who seem to be hopelessly stuck in the mud. Anarchists can no more provide us with a new society than atheists can provide us with a new religion. But it is not only these extreme negations that meet in a vicious circle, like the serpent eating its own tail. It is true in a more practical and even a more parochial sense; as a matter of experience in definite localities and individual lives. I feel it, as I have said, in the case of Germany; the Germany described in Miss Fanny Johnson's fair and even sympathetic analysis. I feel it in America; the America I myself saw with sincere sympathy and enjoyment. These places are full of stagnant pools left by what were once lawless floods. And because they were lawless floods, and not lawful rivers, the pools are all in the wrong place. And a pool in the wrong place is a puddle, even when it is as large as a lake. The industrial revolution was really a revolution, in one sense that is very little realised. It was as destructive as any revolution; it was also as headlong as any revolution. The spinning-jenny cut things short quite as sharply as the guillotine. Personally, I have a more primitive taste in revolutions. I prefer the movement of a hundred men each carrying a pike to the movement of a hundred men all making a pin. But the point is that both were in the same sense abrupt and brutal; both broke down an old social order; though I do not myself lament the disappearance of the princes and the palaces as much as I do lament the disappearance of the peasants and the farms. Both revolutions were alike also in a certain intellectual impatience, founded on what was regarded as positive knowledge; though the moral certainties of democracy still remain, while the materialistic certainties of industrialism are no longer certain even for the industrialists. But, above all, the two revolutions resemble each other in the fact which I would emphasise here. In so far as the revolutionists were architects of ruin, they have provided us with ruins. In so far as they wrecked, the world is full of the wreckage. That is to say, the world is full of a sort of debris of dead movements which no longer move. There is no ivy climbing up the factory chimneys or mosses

growing on machinery; and it is but seldom that birds build their nests in the funnel of a steam-engine; still less in the hair of a stoker. They have none of the redeeming points of ruins. But they are ruins for all that; they are ruins because they are remains. They mark the furthest that men went on a road along which they can go no further. They are relics of a religion in which men once laboured hopefully, and are now labouring hopelessly. Industrialism was once really regarded as a rapid road to prosperity and civilisation for all; and its rapidity was counted a clear improvement upon the slow methods of more agricultural states. The mills of God might grind slowly, but it was all the better that the mills of man ground quickly. Then certain discontented idealists began to make inquiries about what the mill was grinding. And it soon became painfully clear that it was grinding the faces of the poor. It was still vaguely considered progressive; to-day it has ceased even to progress. The mill is a treadmill.



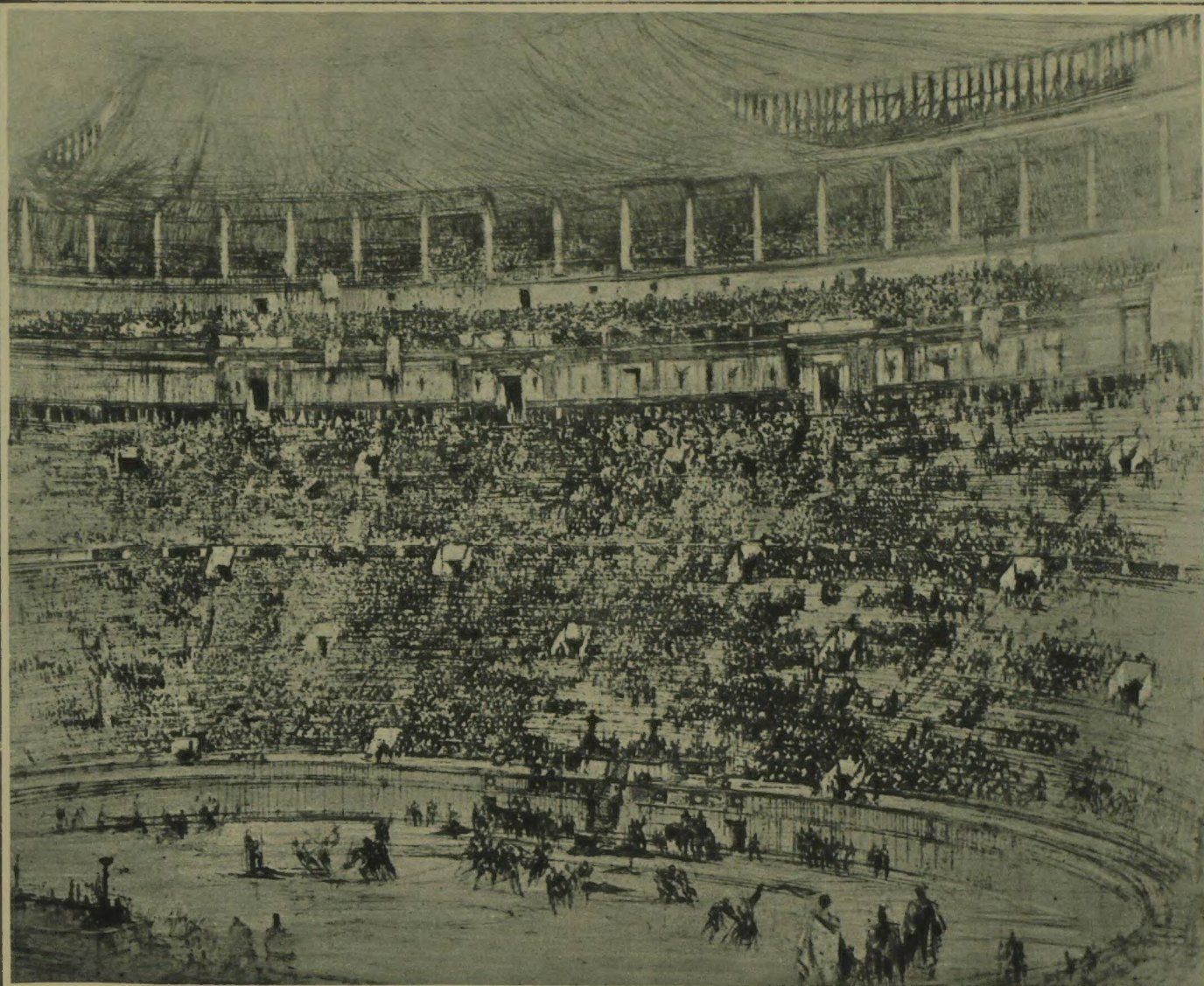
THE PRINCE OF WALES WINS ANOTHER STEEPLECHASE: H.R.H. ON HIS AUSTRALIAN HORSE, KINLARK, TAKING THE LAST FENCE IN THE RACE FOR THE 12TH LANCERS CUP AT TETBURY.

The Prince of Wales added to his steeplechasing trophies on Saturday, April 7, at the Duke of Beaufort's meeting at Tetbury, where he was awarded the 12th Lancers' Challenge Cup after another horse had been disqualified. The Prince, who is a member of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, was riding Kinlark, the horse presented to him in Australia. On April 4 he won the Welsh Guards Challenge Cup in the Household Brigade Meeting at Hawthorn Hill. On that occasion his mount was Little Favourite.—[Photograph by C.N.]

would soon be very little to fight for. It is notable that, by the testimony of the author of "The German Mind," the effect of this failure of old ideas of piety is first felt in the new ideas of progress. It is especially in the world of reform and social regeneration that the atrophy appears. I believe this to be a most profound and practical, though still somewhat neglected truth. When we talk of progress we use the metaphor of a road, and imply that we are free to go further and further along the road. But, if only because a road is a direction, a road is also a restriction. And we cannot even imagine progress under the metaphor of a wilderness without roads. It cannot be progressive to walk one way if it is equally progressive to walk the opposite way. That is the condition of a certain sort of modern mind, and notably of the North German mind. We feel that the mind is not a fortress; because all the four walls of it have fallen away. I am aware that Luther said that God was a moral fortress for himself and

"THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME" REVIVED: WALCOT ETCHINGS.

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"BUTCHERED TO
MAKE A ROMAN
HOLIDAY":
GLADIATORS
AND OTHER
COMBATANTS
FIGHTING IN
THE ARENA
BEFORE A
ROMAN
EMPEROR:
"A PERFORM-
ANCE IN THE
COLISEUM AT
ROME," FROM
THE ETCHING
BY WILLIAM
WALCOT.

BY AN ARTIST
WHO HAS MADE
ANTIQUITY
RE-LIVE: THE
LUXURY OF
ANCIENT
ROME PORTRAYED
IN "THE BATHS
OF CARACALLA,"
AN ETCHING BY
WILLIAM WALCOT
IN HIS
EXHIBITION
LATELY
OPENED IN
LONDON.



Mr. William Walcot's etchings and drawings, recently placed on view at the Royal Institute of British Architects, are much more than reconstructions of ancient architecture, although in that respect based on accurate knowledge and scholarship. His work, which ranges over Egypt, Babylon, and Etruria, as well as classical Greece and Rome, is rather an imaginative visualisation of living scenes as they took place in former ages. The Exhibition is one that no one should miss who is interested, as all are interested nowadays, in the civilisation of ancient empires. The etchings have only been published within the last few years and are rarities for the collector. A new plate, of an Egyptian palace,

is shortly to be added to the series by Mr. H. C. Dickins, of 9, Great Pulteney Street, who publishes them. The Roman subjects are of especial interest just now in view of the approaching visit of the King and Queen to Italy. Mr. Walcot made his researches and paintings, during the last three years, at the British School in Rome, where he has a studio, and the present exhibition was shown there last May, at the Villa Venezia. It was visited by Commendatore Boni, the well-known Italian archæologist, who is to conduct the Queen round the Forum, where he directed recent excavations. Mr. Walcot, we may add, did some work for the Queen's Doll's House.

"TROOP-SHIPS" OF THE AIR: FLYING TRANSPORTS NEAR BAGHDAD.



NOW KEEN TO FLY ANYWHERE INSTEAD OF MARCHING: SOME OF THE 280 SIKHS CARRIED 75 MILES BY AEROPLANES IN MESOPOTAMIA; AND ONE OF THE "TRANSPORTS."



FULLY EQUIPPED WITH RIFLES, AND 15 LB. OF KIT EACH: MEN OF THE SIKH FORCE OF 280 PREPARING TO LEAVE KINGARBAN BY AEROPLANE FOR KIRKUK.



A PIONEER EXPERIMENT IN TROOP-TRANSPORT BY AIR WHICH IMMENSELY IMPRESSED THE KURDS: THE "EMPLANING" OF TWO COMPANIES OF SIKHS.



ONE OF THE FIRST R.A.F. AEROPLANE "TROOP-SHIPS": A UNIT OF AN AIR FLEET THAT CARRIED A FULLY EQUIPPED FIGHTING FORCE 75 MILES IN 10 FLYING HOURS.

Troop-transport by air, once regarded as a prophetic dream in such romances as H. G. Wells's "When the Sleeper Wakes," has become an accomplished fact, and is likely to be a potent element in any warfare of the future. A remarkably interesting pioneer experiment, on a small scale, is illustrated in the above photographs, which were taken by a correspondent at Baghdad. "They depict," he writes, "the 'emplaning' of two companies of Sikhs at Kingarban *en route* for Kirkuk. A force of 280 men, fully equipped, with rifles and 15 lb. of kit each,

and 30,000 rounds of S.A.A. (small arms ammunition) was flown 75 miles in less than a day and a half (say, 10 flying hours). The exploit was the first of its kind carried out by the R.A.F. The machines used were Vickers Vernons with Napier or Rolls-Royce engines. The journey normally takes 5 days by road. The sudden arrival of these troops is reported to have produced a profound sensation amongst the local Kurdish tribes. The men, who are all Sikhs, thoroughly enjoyed the journey, and are now 'full out' to fly anywhere instead of walking."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, CENTRAL PRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, ELLIOTT AND FREY, AND E. O. HOPPE.



THE STUPID "PRAM RACE": MRS. EDWARDS, CHALLENGER, AND WIFE OF THE ORGANISER.



SECOND IN THE ABSURD AND INJURIOUS LONDON TO BRIGHTON "PRAM RACE": MRS. FIRMAGER PASSING THROUGH HANDCROSS.



WINNER OF THE 52-MILE "PRAM RACE": MRS. GROOM, WHO COLLAPSED AT BRIGHTON.

AMATEUR RACKETS CHAMPION FOR THE NINTH TIME: MR. E. M. BAERLEIN.



THE NEW EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARNARVON: LORD AND LADY PORCHESTER.



DEPRIVED OF THE AMATEUR RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIP: THE HON. C. N. BRUCE (PREVIOUSLY HOLDER).



APPOINTED COLONEL-COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HUGH S. JEUDWINE.



MARRIED TO SIR ROBERT HUDSON: VISCOUNTESS NORTHCLIFFE.



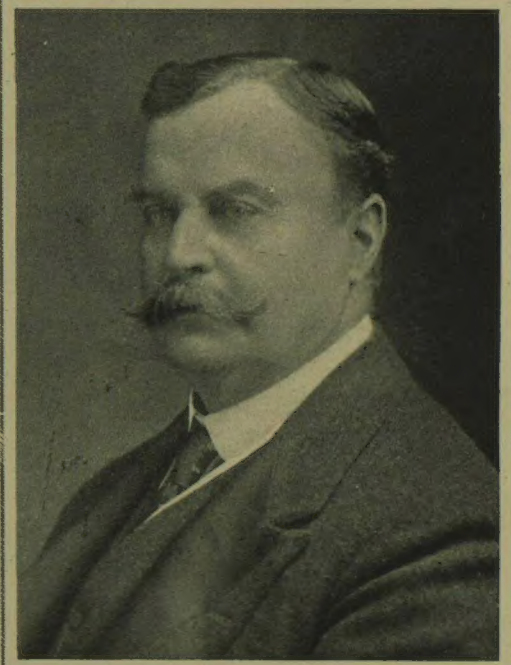
MARRIED TO VISCOUNTESS NORTHCLIFFE: SIR ROBERT HUDSON.



THE NEW M.P. (LIBERAL) FOR ANGLESEY: SIR R. J. THOMAS.



MAKER OF A RECORD BILLIARDS BREAK: TOM NEWMAN, THE CHAMPION.



TO PRESIDE OVER THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING IN TORONTO NEXT YEAR: SIR DAVID BRUCE.

The mothers' perambulator walking race from London to Brighton (52 miles) on Saturday, April 7, cannot be too strongly condemned as both harmful and absurd. The winner, Mrs. Groom, of Eastbourne, collapsed on arrival, and another woman had to be removed by ambulance to the Brighton Infirmary. One of the babies was so exhausted that a local inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children arranged to report on its condition to headquarters.—Mr. E. M. Baerlein won the Amateur Rackets Singles Championship at Queen's Club, for the ninth time, by beating the holder, the Hon. C. N. Bruce, in the Challenge Round.—The new Earl of Carnarvon, only son of the famous Egyptologist, whom he has just succeeded, was born in 1898. As Lord Porchester, he married last year Miss Catherine Wendell, daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendell, of New

York.—It was recently announced that Sir Hugh Jeudwine, the new Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Artillery, was to become Director-General of the Territorial Army. In the war he commanded the 41st Infantry Brigade and the 55th Division.—Viscountess Northcliffe, widow of Lord Northcliffe, was married on April 4 to Sir Robert A. Hudson, who was Chief Agent of the Liberal Party from 1895 to 1922, and is now Treasurer of the National Liberal Federation.—Sir R. J. Thomas (Liberal) had a majority of 4748 over the Labour candidate for Anglesey.—Playing against Inman in the Billiards Championship, Newman made in succession three breaks of 542, 705 and 850 respectively, the last being a Championship record.—Sir David Bruce, famed for his researches on sleeping-sickness, was Commandant of the R.A.M. College from 1914-19.

HEDGE-ROW DEMONSTRATORS WITH RATTLES, WHISTLES, CANS, BUGLES, AND FLAGS: A NORFOLK FARM-STRIKE INCIDENT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



PLOUGHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES: A VOLUNTEER WORKER ON A NORFOLK THE ADJACENT HEDGE TO MAKE

The long-continued trouble in the farming districts of Norfolk, which threatened to spread into other counties, has brought into prominence the unsatisfactory condition of home agriculture, whose prosperity is so essential to the security of the nation. The conference between Norfolk farmers and representatives of their men, resumed in the Shire Hall at Norwich on April 9, was adjourned until the 12th in the hope that meanwhile the Premier, or the Minister of Agriculture (Sir Robert Sanders) would announce a Government scheme of relief which would enable the farmers to make an acceptable offer to the labourers. Hundreds of mobile police were recently drafted into the affected districts, where intimidation gangs of strikers have been interfering with the work of volunteers.



FARM HARANGUED BY A SPOKESMAN OF THE STRIKERS, WHO HAVE LINED A HOSTILE DEMONSTRATION.

"The incident here illustrated," writes our artist, "is typical of the methods by which the strikers try to prevent the carrying on of work on Norfolk farms. A number of the union men (usually 50 to 100) march to a farm where work is in progress. They line the hedges, and sit on fences, making exhortations to the volunteer workers to cease. The more youthful element demonstrate with rattles, whistles, and beating on cans, flag-waving and bugles, cries and abuse. Proceedings are usually otherwise peaceable. The drawing shows a direct appeal being made by a spokesman of the men. The strikers demonstrate at farms where they are not known, and avoid their employers. Their poverty is so great that they have not the means to smoke!"—[Drawing Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.E.]

ITALY'S ROYAL MARRIAGE: THE KING'S DAUGHTER NOW A COUNTESS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. FAGNANO, MASSAGLIO (TORINO), CAV. GUIDO CERRI (PISA), SPORT AND GENERAL, AND T. VAUCHER.



PRINCESS YOLANDA'S HUSBAND AS A "CRACK" RIDER IN THE ITALIAN CAVALRY: COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO TAKING A BIG JUMP.



THE "CONTINENTAL SEAT" IN JUMPING: COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO—A MOMENT LATER THAN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



THE BRIDEGROOM: COUNT CALVI DI BERGOLO, MARRIED TO PRINCESS YOLANDA, DAUGHTER OF KING VICTOR.



THE BRIDE: PRINCESS YOLANDA OF SAVOY, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY, NOW COUNTESS CALVI DI BERGOLO.



WITH HER GRANDSON, VALDEMAR, COUNT OF ROSENBERG: THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER.



THE "GOLDSBOROUGH" OF THE ITALIAN ROYAL ROMANCE: PRINCESS YOLANDA'S NEW HOME, THE VILLA GONELLA AT PINEROLO, NEAR TURIN.



THE BRIDE'S INTEREST IN SPORT: PRINCESS YOLANDA AT A ROMAN CAMPAGNA FOX HUNT

Like Princess Mary and the Duke of York, Princess Yolanda, eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, found her life-partner among the nobility of her native land, rather than among foreign royalty. Her wedding to Count Calvi di Bergolo, which involved the relinquishment of her royal rank and title, was celebrated at the Quirinal in Rome on April 9. Her grandmother, the late Queen Milena of Montenegro, mother of the Queen of Italy, strongly favoured Princess Yolanda's choice of a husband. After the wedding breakfast the Count and Countess Calvi di Bergolo motored to Civitavecchia, where they went by train to

Pisa. Their home is the Villa Gonella at Pinerolo, near Turin. The Count, who comes of an old Piedmontese family, is a captain in the Italian cavalry and one of its finest horsemen. When he first met his bride, in Rome some two years ago, he was military instructor at the cavalry school of Tor di Quinto. He rode in the International Horse Show in London last June. His sister is the wife of Prince Aage of Denmark, a nephew of Queen Alexandra. Their son, Valdemar, Count of Rosenberg (seen, above with his grandmother, the mother of Count Calvi di Bergolo) was born at Turin in 1915.

DEAR TO THE FOUNDER OF FASCISMO: HOME FACES FOR "IL DUCE."

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 3 BY COURTESY OF SIGNORA MUSSOLINI. NO. 2 BY CARLO COLETTI, MILAN.



1. THE CHILDREN OF ITALY'S "STRONG MAN" AS "BLACK SHIRTS": (LEFT TO RIGHT) VITTORIO, EDDA, AND BRUNO MUSSOLINI.



2. WITH HER CHILDREN (L. TO R.) EDDA, BRUNO, AND VITTORIO: SIGNORA RACHELE MUSSOLINI.



3. THE "PRESIDENT" OF SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S HOME "COUNCIL": SIGNORA RACHELE MUSSOLINI, HIS WIFE.

These interesting photographs, which have just reached us from Italy, throw a new and genial light on the personality of the great Italian leader, Signor Benito Mussolini, the founder of Fascismo and, since the "bloodless revolution" which he brought about last October, President of the Council (or Premier) of the Italian Government. His followers, the Fascisti, known from their costume as the "Black Shirts," call him "Il Duce" (the leader), and his children, it will be noted, also wear the dress of their father's famous order. Although no information as to the story of his marriage has come to hand with the photographs,

we may read in them, by reflection, as it were, evidence of a softer and domestic side to the masterful patriot's character. In his wife, Signora Rachele Mussolini, we see a woman of charm and vitality, manifestly well fitted to be the help-mate of a statesman, while the children's faces reveal an inherited intelligence and resolute will. The eldest is a girl—Edda; the elder boy is Vittorio, and the younger, Bruno. At the civil marriage of Princess Yolanda and Count Calvi di Bergolo, which took place in the Throne Room at the Quirinal in Rome on April 9, Signor Mussolini acted as Notary of the Crown.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CUTTLEFISHES.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

THERE have been three very successful lines of animal evolution: (1) that of jointed-footed types, the Arthropods, with their climax in ants and bees, spiders and crabs; (2) that of molluscs, with their climax in the cuttlefish or Cephalopods, such as squid, octopus, and nautilus; and (3) that of back-boned types or Vertebrates, with their climax in birds and mammals. These three lines are very divergent, expressing, as it were, different ideas. The Arthropods have many appendages, and the exoskeleton of chitin, which has to be periodically moulted as long as growth goes on, is so constructed that in typical cases one part of the body can move freely on another. The Molluscs have no appendages at all, and their shell is a rigid shell, which does not require to be moulted, for additions are made to its free edge as the animal continues to grow. The Vertebrates have an internal skeleton, typically made of bone (which never occurs among Invertebrates), and their limbs are limited to two pairs.

Molluscs, which include bivalves, snails, and cuttlefish, are, on the whole, slow-going creatures, with a great deal of *unstriped* muscle; and they are often heavily weighted with their substantial shells. Oysters and mussels are practically sedentary; a limpet makes only short excursions; the Pearly Nautilus (Fig. 6) is a sluggish creature, usually living at considerable depths (300-600 feet). But just as some bivalves can swim, as in the case of the beautiful Lima, and just as the "sea-butterflies" are free-swimming sea-snails, so among modern cuttlefishes there has been a very interesting emancipation from the sluggishness which must be regarded as fundamentally characteristic of molluscs. Many of the squids swim as rapidly as fishes, and have a remarkable adaptation of their body towards the fish-like form. Of course, the word cuttlefish is a mere popular name; Cephalopods are not in the remotest way related to true fishes. But our point is that out of a sluggish stock, of which the Pearly Nautilus (Fig. 6) is the sole survivor, there have evolved, with gradual suppression of the shell, very active forms like squids—molluscs that can catch fishes!

Movements of Squids.

An ordinary squid (Loligo), has three ways of moving. It can creep along by means of its tentacles, which bear numerous gripping suckers. Two of the arms are much longer than the other eight, and can be shot out to catch a passing fish, as Aristotle noticed more than two thousand years ago. Secondly, the squid can move head-foremost, rowing in the water by means of the muscular triangular fins at the posterior end of the body (Fig. 4). Thirdly, there is a kind of locomotion peculiar to cuttlefishes, the effectiveness of which has to be seen to be believed. Behind the head there is a wide opening leading into a mantle-cavity where the gills lie. When this cavity is full of water the aperture is quickly closed by a hook-and-eye arrangement. The mantle then contracts, and the water, which cannot go out where it came in, is forced through a narrow outlet called the funnel. This gush of water, rhythmically repeated, drives the squid along with the posterior tip of its body in front and the tentacles or arms pressed together behind. The fins, which are leading in this quaint kind of locomotion, seem to be used in steering. As we have said, the appearance of the cuttlefish in this kind of rapid swimming is markedly fish-like, but the position of the body is utterly different in the two cases, and so is the mechanism employed.

The Cuttle's Shell.

The oldest Cephalopods, which frequented Ordovician seas so many millions of years ago, lived inside tapering conical shells. From these there

arose types with the cone slightly bent, and others with the cone curved like a horn, and others wound in a loose spiral, and others in a close spiral, like the Nautilus, which lingers still from the Malayan coasts to the Philippines and Fiji. The race split in the Devonian into the Nautiloids, in which the shell never became highly specialised, and the Ammonoids, in which a high degree of shell specialisation was attained. Both started from forms with straight, conical shells, and both illustrate the very remarkable evolutionary process in which a coiled shell is in the course of ages uncoiled. Very striking also is the way in which the individual life-history (legible even among fossils, as they all are, except Nautilus) recapitulates racial evolution. Thus an Ordovician type called *Lituites* went through the following stages—straight cone, curved cone, ram's horn, and nautilian, and then, as it became adolescent, it grew out into a straight shell once more. The relatively simpler Nautiloids lasted much longer than the specialised Ammonoids, whose career, Professor Lull writes, was "brief and rocket-like," as geologists count, "swift in its ascent, dazzling

again, are the strong jaws, like the beak of a parrot, and the poisonous secretion of the posterior pair of salivary glands. This poison quickly produces paralysis in the crabs which form a large part of the food of cuttlefishes. But there is unique protection in the power of discharging ink, a way of throwing dust in the eyes of assailants! The sepia ink, which was formerly used by painters, is a waste product which accumulates in a bag at the end of the food-canal, and its discharge is due to the reflex action in moments of excitement. It can be seen in the very young cuttlefish a minute after it leaves the egg-envelope. It is the analogue of a smoke screen, but in water. The cuttlefish escapes, like many a vulnerable writer, in a cloud of ink! The Hydra with which Hercules contended was probably a large octopus (Fig. 2). When he slashed off one arm, another took its place, and there are eight altogether. The story of the fight with a devil-fish, which Victor Hugo gives in his "Toilers of the Sea," is grossly overdone, but it is not without its grim basis. The difficulty is, however, to separate the wheat from the chaff in fishermen's tales, and we shall not pursue the subject.

There is no reason to believe that a cut-off cuttlefish arm can be re-grown.

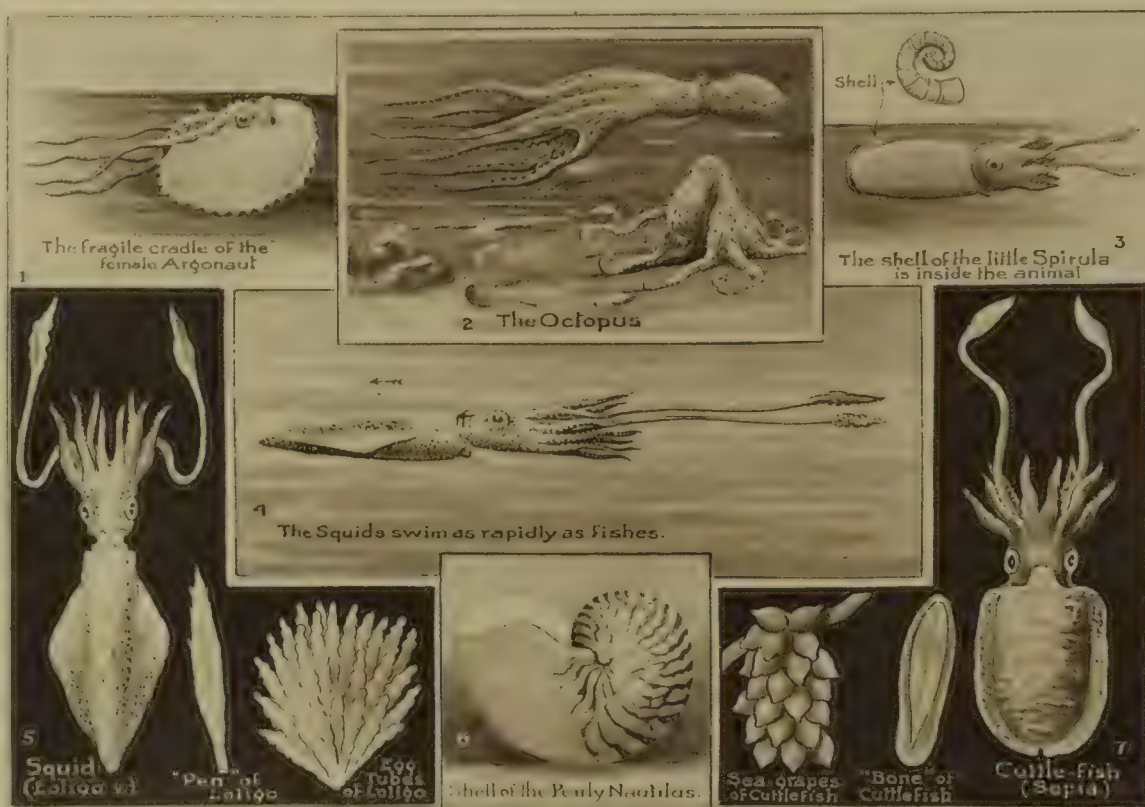
The Argonaut.

Many of the cuttlefishes (e.g., squids) liberate their eggs in gelatinous tubes which are fixed to seaweed; in other cases (e.g., octopus) the bunches of eggs are fixed in branched masses, deserving their popular name of "sea-grapes" (Fig. 7). The development is telescoped-down within the egg, with a suppression of the larval stages which are usual among molluscs, and out of the egg-envelope there comes a fully-formed miniature of the parent. But in the case of the female Argonaut, or Paper Nautilus (a cuttlefish of the open sea), two of the arms, expanded into webs, secrete a fragile shell which is used as a cradle for the eggs and the young (Fig. 1). The shell begins to be

formed ten or twelve days after the young creature leaves the egg, and is added to as the animal grows. It differs entirely from any other molluscan shell in being a product of two arms, and not of the mantle or skin-fold. It differs from the shell of the Pearly Nautilus in not being chambered, and in being a cradle, not a house. It is interesting biologically in being quite unrepresented in the pigmy male. The old notion that the Argonaut raises its webbed arms to form a sail is entirely without foundation—notwithstanding poems and pictures to the contrary.

Cuttlies and Sea-Serpents.

There can be no doubt that some of the best sea-serpents were giant cuttlefishes. The tentacular arms of some species of *Architeuthis* have been known to attain a length of forty feet, to which there would have to be added ten feet for the body and head. Supposing this huge creature to launch itself half out of the water, as Cephalopods often do, we get at once a very presentable sea-serpent. On the Irish coast, a specimen was once caught with tentacles thirty feet long and eyes fifteen inches in diameter. Larger forms occur, as one might expect, on North American coasts. A big piece of a scale-covered cuttlefish was shown by the late Prince of Monaco at the last Paris Exhibition. It was obtained from the stomach of a sperm-whale, and as the animal to which it belonged has not yet been found, we are warned not to be too dogmatic about what the sea does or does not contain. In any case, the cuttlefishes are among its masterpieces.



"AMONG THE SEA'S MASTERPIECES," AND (IN THEIR GIANT FORMS) PROBABLY THE ORIGIN OF THE "SEA-SERPENT": CUTTLEFISHES OF VARIOUS TYPES AND SIZES.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson to illustrate Professor Thomson's Article.

in the culmination into many beautiful and remarkable forms, and headlong in the descent into oblivion."

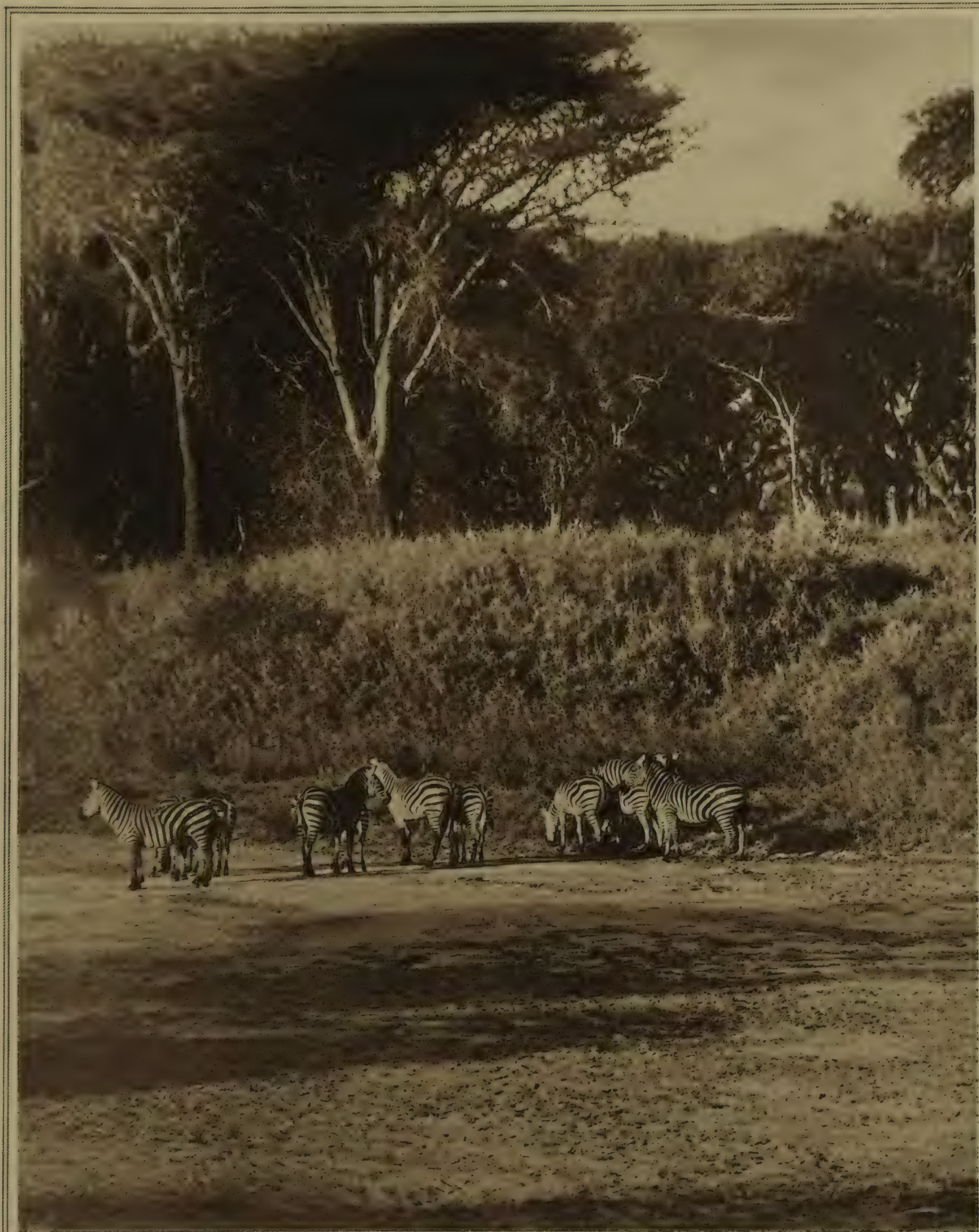
The Pearly Nautilus is the only living cephalopod that retains a shell to live in (Fig. 6); the emancipation of the squids is associated with the dwindling of their shell. In the beautiful little *Spirula*, the shell is still chambered, but, instead of the animal being inside it, it is inside the animal (Fig. 3). The Sepia-bone, which is given to cage-birds to peck at, is a fairly substantial residue of a calcareous shell quite hidden within the Sepia (Fig. 7). In the squid the vestige is a long, chitinous, translucent blade, a little like an old-fashioned quill-pen (Fig. 5). These vestigial shells may serve as a skeletal axis, useful in swimming. In the Octopus (Fig. 2) there is no vestige at all, except that the embryo, as in all molluscs, has a microscopic shell.

The Cloud of Ink.

Relinquishing a shell means the possibility of greater freedom, but it involves the exposure of the body to assault. Thus we look for compensations, such as the sucker-bearing arms and tentacles, which are often formidable weapons. A perfect sucker has a marginal ring of chitin, with gripping teeth, and an internal piston which is raised when the sucker is appressed. This produces a partial vacuum, and the grip is tenacious. There may be protective value in the power of rapid colour-change, for the cuttlefish is sometimes well adjusted to the corner where it lurks. In other cases the change of colour expresses a change of mood. Noteworthy,

HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: A REMARKABLE CLOSE-RANGE PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. BY COURTESY OF NATURAL FILMS, LTD.



UNCONSCIOUS "FILM ACTORS" OF THE AFRICAN WILD: ZEBRA COMING TO DIG FOR WATER IN THE DRY SAND OF A RIVER—
FROM "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME," AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

The Polytechnic Hall, hitherto known as the "Poly Cinema," has been taken over by Natural Films, Ltd., as a permanent theatre in central London for showing popular pictures of travel and the wonders of natural history, science and industry—in a word, "the romance of the real" as contrasted with imaginary screen drama. It aims at becoming "London's window, overlooking the world." The field is a wide one, including, among other subjects, the life-history of wild animals in their

native haunts, revealed in a way only possible to the cinematograph. It was arranged to produce on April 11 the first public view of a very remarkable film entitled, "The Wonderland of Big Game," made and personally described by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, the well-known naturalist-author and big-game photographer. On the following pages we give photographs, from the same film, of lions photographed by flashlight at a range of only a few yards.

HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: THE KING AND QUEEN OF BEASTS PHOTOGRAPHED AT POINT-BLANK RANGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR A. RADCLIFFE DUGMORE, THE WELL-KNOWN NATURALIST-AUTHOR

AND BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER. BY COURTESY OF NATURAL FILMS, LTD.



FILMED BY FLASHLIGHT AT 16 YARDS: A LIONESS COMING TO HER OWN "KILL" IN THE EAST AFRICAN BUSH—FROM "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME," AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

To stand within a few yards of a lion and lioness, roaming free at night in the African bush, and take a film photograph of them by flashlight, must be a task requiring the strongest nerve and dauntless courage. Such is the work of Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore, whose wonderful results (illustrated on this and the pages preceding and following) are shown in the new film, "The Wonderland of Big Game," which it was arranged to produce at the Polytechnic Hall in Regent Street on April 11. As already mentioned, this hall has been acquired by Natural Films, Ltd., as a permanent picture theatre for the presentation of films dealing with natural history, travel, native customs, industry, and science. It will enable those who cannot wander about the world themselves to observe and enjoy in comfort all the marvels of nature and reality. Major Dugmore, who personally describes his film as it is shown, is a grandson of the



THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE FILMED BY FLASHLIGHT AT 12 YARDS: A DANGEROUS SUBJECT—A BIG EAST AFRICAN LION STANDING BESIDE THE CARCASE OF A ZEBRA.

late Lord Brougham, and is a highly trained naturalist as well as a pioneer in the photography of wild animals in their native haunts. He served all through the war, in which he was wounded and gassed. His travels have taken him not only to Africa, but also to Europe, Asia, and America, and he has written a number of books, including "Nature and the Camera," "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," "The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou," and "The Romance of the Beaver." He has also filmed at close quarters lions, elephants, rhinoceros, and buffalo, the most dangerous of all. He has sometimes been stalked himself by wild animals, and on one occasion nine elephants came within a few feet of him. When filming at night he carries a little electric bulb on his forehead, which he switches on at the critical moment, so that the animal looks straight towards him. Then comes the flashlight, which causes it to retreat.

HUNTING WITHOUT RIFLE: AFRICAN BIG GAME FILMED AT CLOSE RANGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. BY COURTESY OF NATURAL FILMS, LTD.



"THROUGHOUT THE FILM THERE IS NO KILLING, AND NO WOUNDING": A GROUP OF COKE'S HARTEBEESTE AT A WATER-HOLE, FROM "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME," AT THE POLYTECHNIC.



A THRILLING MOMENT FOR THE BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER: A FINE SPECIMEN OF AN EAST AFRICAN LION, BESIDE A DEAD ZEBRA, TAKEN AT NIGHT BY FLASHLIGHT, AT A DISTANCE OF ONLY TWELVE YARDS.

"The Wonderland of Big Game," which it was arranged to produce at the Regent Street-Polytechnic on April 11, shows more intimately than any previous film the home lives of African wild animals. It has all the thrills of big-game hunting without the bloodshed, and the danger is all on the side of the photographer. "Throughout the film," says an official description of it, "there is no killing, and no wounding; every animal is shown alive and happy, and in its own natural

surroundings, so that no one's feelings can be hurt. Few of those who have had the luck to visit any part of Africa will ever have had opportunities of seeing the wild animals as they are shown in this really beautiful film. All who know Major Dugmore's earlier photographs of African animals—and they have been seen by over a quarter of a million people in various parts of the world—will be glad to see this life-like film of the wonderland of big game."

MOST FAMOUS OF DISCOVERERS IN EGYPT: A TRAGIC DEATH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S.



BAULKED BY FATE OF HIS FINAL TRIUMPH AT THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN: THE LATE EARL OF CARNARVON, WHOSE NAME IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE GREATEST OF EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

Lord Carnarvon died in Cairo on April 5, from double pneumonia supervening on erysipelas and blood poisoning caused by an insect bite in the Valley of Kings at Thebes, the scene of his great discovery. The news of his death was received with universal regret and sympathy, especially from the fact that he had not lived to see the crown of his life's work in Egyptology, the confidently expected disclosure of the actual mummy of King Tutankhamen when the sealed tomb is reopened next autumn. Nevertheless, Lord Carnarvon's name will always be linked in history with the greatest discovery ever made in Egypt, and, as some think, in the whole domain of archæology. The story is so fresh in the

public mind that it is hardly necessary to recall the details. The late Peer was born in 1866, and in 1890 succeeded his father, the fourth Earl, who had been Colonial Secretary twice, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1895, Lord Carnarvon married Almina, daughter of the late Frederick Wombwell. They had one son, Lord Porchester, who has now succeeded to the Earldom; and one daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert. At Highclere Park, his seat near Newbury, where he was very popular, Lord Carnarvon possessed one of the finest private art collections in existence. Before he took up Egyptological research in 1906, he had for some years been engaged in racing, and in 1904 won 29 events.

Gardens of the Pharaohs: A Temple Precinct.

By H. E. Winlock, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Expedition to Thebes.

MUCH light on the fascinating subject of ancient Egyptian landscape gardening, some 4000 years ago, is thrown in the following extract from Mr. H. E. Winlock's report on "Excavations at Thebes," reproduced from the "Bulletin" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by courtesy of the Trustees.

"The Temple of Mentuhotep III. was discovered and cleared by Naville and Hall for the Egypt Exploration Fund, between 1903 and 1907. At the same time the parts of the court immediately adjacent to the temple had been cleared of the deep rubbish to within a foot or two of the ancient surface, but this latter had not been examined by our predecessors on the site. The outlines of the court and of the avenue have always been visible except where they were covered by Naville's dump at the south-east corner.

"Our object was to clear the southern half of the court from front to back to discover whether there was a pendant tomb to the Bab el Hosân and whether there were any other tombs outside of the southern wall. We found that there was neither the one nor the other. But there was a condition of affairs which cannot fail to interest the student of the temple's history and plan.

"To our surprise the front of the courtyard was not the rock levelled off—it turned out to be a hollow filled some fifteen feet deep with rock and sand. Originally it had been intended to fill this hollow less deeply, and at that time a wall of rough field stone was built along the southern side. Then the plan was changed; the eastern part of the court was filled a yard deeper over the original grading, and a well-built stone wall was erected, starting out in a curve from the temple end—a most unusual scheme in Egyptian architecture. Up to this point the court had been oriented directly toward Karnak in the heart of Thebes across the river, but, as the avenue thus projected ran into hills near the cultivation, a complete change was made, pointing the court and the avenue in a more south-easterly direction on the lines which we now see. The curved wall was thereupon demolished—it may have been built only a few courses high—and the existing stone walls were built with brick outer walls beyond them. The Bab el Hosân was now dug and the building of the temple started.

"These three changes of plan in the courtyard were enough to get us into a thoroughly puzzled state, but still more was yet to come.

"In the front part of the courtyard we dug parallel trenches to bed rock. In the latter we began to strike the mouths of enormous circular pits thirty feet deep (Fig. 9). The men were wild with excitement because one of the local workmen said that these pits were just like the Bab el Gûsus in which Daressy had found hundreds of untouched burials years ago. We ourselves were sceptical, because we did not like the circular plan and curious funnelling shape. In fact, we thought they were tree holes, because as we found them one after another they formed a double row leading directly to the temple ramp. The only difficulty was that they were filled with rocks instead of earth in which a tree could grow.

"Eventually, as our gangs drew nearer the temple, one pair of holes turned out to be filled with soil, and in it we could see tree roots. Gradually it dawned on us what had happened. The avenue had been laid out across the court, parallel to the existing stone walls which belonged to the third plan. But the front wall of the court remains to this day

on the line of the second plan, at right angles to the curved walls, and the gateway is where the centre of the court would be if that second plan had been carried out. This point was not taken into consideration when the rows of trees were planned, and it was only after the holes had been dug that it was noticed that at the far end they led to a blank wall. A fourth change of plan was now made to correct somebody's blunder. Ten holes in each row were filled with rock and covered over, and only the four nearest the temple in each row were planted with sycamore fig-trees.* These were so far from the gateway that

the architects judged that no one would notice that they were out of alignment with it.

"This was interesting enough. It changed our whole conception of the temple. The colonnade was two storeys high, but it was intended to mask the whole first storey with an oasis of green in the rugged bareness of the desert cliffs. And even yet the interest in the whole scheme was by no means exhausted, for

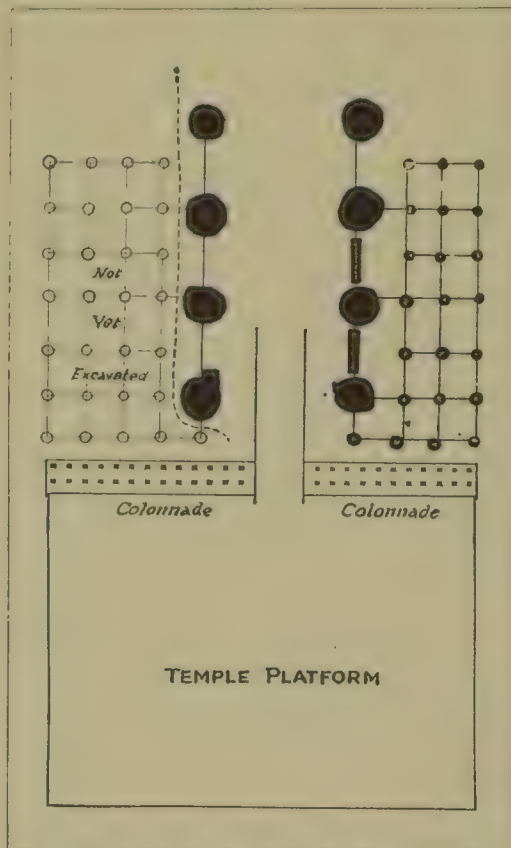


FIG. 1.—GARDENS OF THE TEMPLE OF MENTUHOTEP III.: A PLAN OF THE GROVE.

The eight large black spots indicate plots in which sycamore fig trees were planted. To the right are plots for tamarisks, and, on the left, ground not yet excavated.

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

just at this time the workmen clearing away one of Naville's old dumps turned up in it two pieces of sandstone faintly marked with red lines (Fig. 3). They were clearly pieces of a floor slab from the temple, and, judging from the part of the dump in which we found them, they came originally from the ambulatory on the upper level.

"A little consideration convinced us that here we had the actual plan—or, perhaps better, project—for laying out the trees which we had just found. First, we must remember that drawings to scale were practically unknown to the ancient Egyptians, who were careless even of proportions. We need not be surprised to find, therefore, that the square temple platform and the ramp leading to it are represented by a mere symbol laid out on the centre line. The most interesting point to notice is that the later extension of the temple (around the tomb E in

Fig. 4) is not drawn and may not have existed when this plan was made (Figs. 3 and 1). To right and left dots are laid out at the intersections of ruled lines. To the left we find three long rows of seven dots each—the tamarisk grove already excavated—but a closer examination of the stone shows a fourth row erased. Now it is an important fact that the left, or southern, portico is shorter than the right, and it is easy to see what has happened. The old landscape architect has paced off the length of the right-hand portico and found that he could work in four rows of trees. Then he has gone up into the temple, and, squatting down on the floor, has laid out a symmetrical design with four rows on both sides, which has stood until some more observant colleague has pointed out his mistake

in supposing that both colonnades were the same width, and he has scratched out his fourth row on the left. Close to the temple, trees are marked which do not exactly agree in disposition with the finished lay-out, and the circular feature in front of the ramp we searched for in vain. In short, this plan must be taken as a mere project which was altered when it was transferred to papyrus or a tablet, but it is none the less interesting for that.

"So much for the way the landscape architect went about his job. We next discovered the way the gardener planted the trees. The holes dug in the rock to the needless depth of about thirty feet have already been mentioned. Those in which trees were to be planted were filled with black soil sufficiently lightened with river sand. In this earth, lying horizontally and quite close together about five or six inches below the surface, we noticed round poles three inches in diameter and six feet long. These poles were readily identified as sycamore fig branches, but their presence there was very puzzling until we came to clear one of them of the surrounding mud. The miraculous dryness of the Egyptian desert had preserved the explanation for four thousand years, and we were able to photograph shoots and roots sprouting from every knot (Fig. 5). In other words, these poles were nothing more nor less than a gardener's cuttings of unusual size and crowded close together to give quick results and a thick clump of green. For a short time they had been a great success, and then the caretakers of the temple had neglected to water them; the young trees had parched and dried, and the axe marks of the wood-choppers still showed how they had been cleared away. . . . Returning to Mentuhotep III. and his temple, we found there, too, a curious relic of the builders. Just outside of the southern courtyard walls the men turned up over forty immense rope baskets full of stone chip. There is no doubt that they are of the XIth Dynasty, for one of Mentuhotep's walls goes right over them. There they stand lined up in rows as the workmen left them. Some change in plan was made. Dirt was dumped on top of them, the wall was built on top of that, and thus they remained forgotten (Fig. 7).

"Once the Temple of Mentuhotep III. was built at Deir el Bahri, the surrounding district became one of the holy places of the necropolis of Thebes.

"The reader must think of archæology in Egypt as a rather ghoulish calling, and sometimes it must be hard to understand why there is so much that is connected with death and burial in every account of digging there. At least one half of the answer is that the ancient Egyptian's tomb—his 'eternal house'—was one of his chief cares, and it is only through it that we can see his earthly dwelling.

"To the Egyptian the life of the world to come was always the big problem. It is really very hard for



FIG. 2.—SHOWING THE PROJECTED TEMPLE GROVE: A DIAGRAM OF PART OF THE SANDSTONE FRAGMENT SHOWN IN FIG. 3.



FIG. 3.—PART OF THE ARCHITECT'S PROJECT FOR THE TEMPLE GARDEN: A PIECE OF SANDSTONE FAINTLY MARKED WITH RED LINES.

us, who take the future more or less as a matter of course, to realise how ever-present a problem it was. The most popular tales turned on the sacrifices a man would make to assure himself and his family a rich turn-out with which to enter heaven. The king could give a faithful servant no more welcome reward than a fine tomb perpetually endowed with offerings, and a man's social position might be measured by the magnificence of his coffin. The undertaker's trade was highly lucrative, and, even if tradition goes that the embalmer was considered an unclean person, his work was looked upon as a veritable means to eternal life, for above all things the Egyptian feared that the dissolution of his body would leave his soul a homeless wanderer in limbo."

* The identification of all the botanical specimens from the excavations was very generously made by T. W. Brown, of the Horticultural Section, Egyptian Ministry of Agriculture.

MUCH USED FOR THE RUHR TRAFFIC: RHINE BARGES OF UNIQUE SIZE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.)



THE COMMERCIAL ASPECT OF A RIVER OF ROMANCE: RHINE BARGES SOME 600 FEET LONG, TOWED BY A 2000-TON STEAMER, PASSING THE FAMOUS FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN BELOW; A BARGE AND STEAMER COMPARED.

The economic situation in the Ruhr lends interest to this picture of the Rhine in its more prosaic aspect as an artery of trade. In a note on his illustration, Mr. Frank Mason says: "Much of Germany's industrial traffic is water-borne, for the Rhine is not solely a river of romance (as the tourist who views its embattled crags is apt to consider it), but a 'line of communication' of the utmost commercial importance. The Rhine barge, in which much of the traffic of the Ruhr is

carried, is unique among vessels of its type. One thinks usually of a barge as ancillary to a ship, but the spectacle of one alongside an ocean-going steamer (as suggested in the small pen-and-ink sketch below) almost suggests a reversal of rôles! The colour drawing shows a string of Rhine barges proceeding downstream past the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, recently evacuated by the American troops." These barges are from 400 to 600 feet long, and are towed by a 2000-ton steamer.

GROVES OF A PHARAOH'S TEMPLE: SYCAMORE AND TAMARISK.

By COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

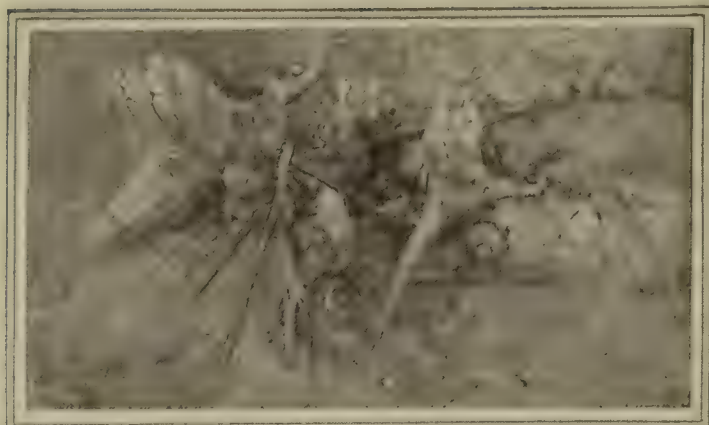


FIG. 5.—PRESERVED FOR 4000 YEARS IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT: SPROUTS FROM A SYCAMORE-FIG CUTTING.

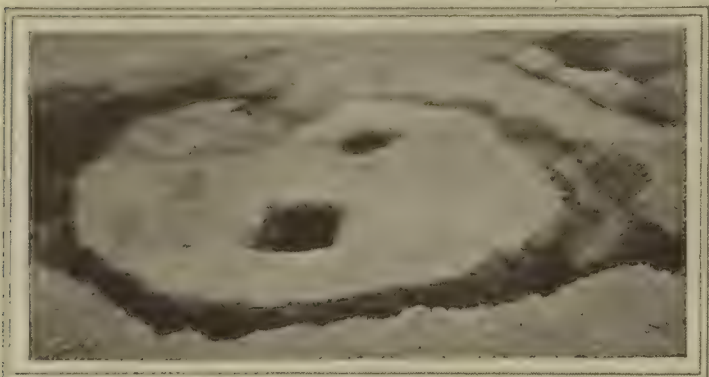


FIG. 6.—WITH A STATUE OF THE KING (RIGHT BACKGROUND): A PLOT IN WHICH A SYCAMORE-FIG TREE HAD BEEN PLANTED.



FIG. 7.—IN ROWS AS THE PHARAOH'S GARDENERS HAD LEFT THEM 4000 YEARS AGO: ROPE BASKETS FULL OF STONE CHIPS UNEARTHED OUTSIDE THE COURTYARD (11TH DYNASTY).



FIG. 8.—SHOWING PLOTS FOR TAMARISK TREES IN FRONT OF THE SOUTHERN COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF MENTUHOTEP III. (11TH DYNASTY): REMARKABLE RELICS OF EGYPTIAN LANDSCAPE GARDENING SOME 700 YEARS BEFORE THE TIME OF TUTANKHAMEN.

"As a semi-poetic touch," writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, whom we quote on page 598, "under each tree they placed a sandstone statue of the king standing in its welcome shade—we found the broken statues lying beside each one and the holes in the mud where they had stood—and in one case some pious person had made a little altar of earth by the tree trunk (Fig. 6, above). We began to find circular tree plots in front of the southern colonnade of the temple, and cleared three rows of seven plots each, filled with soil and planted with tamarisks (Fig. 8). . . . We next discovered the way the gardeners planted the trees. . . . The miraculous dryness of

the Egyptian desert had preserved the explanation for 4000 years, and we were able to photograph shoots and roots sprouting from every knot (Fig. 5). . . . These poles were a gardener's cuttings. . . . Just outside the southern courtyard walls the men turned up over forty immense rope baskets full of stone chips (Fig. 7). There is no doubt that they are of the 11th Dynasty, for one of Mentuhotep's walls goes right over them. There they stand lined up in rows as the workmen left them. Some change in plan was made. Dirt was dumped on top of them, the wall was built on top of that, and thus they remained forgotten."

TEMPLE GARDENS IN EGYPT 4000 YEARS AGO: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



FIG. 4.—THE TEMPLE OF MENTUHOTEP III. AND ITS SPACIOUS GROUNDS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE FROM THE DEIR-EL-BAHRI CLIFFS, SHOWING SYCAMORE AND TAMARISK GROVES, AND TRACES OF AVENUE WALLS.

"The Temple of Mentuhotep III.," writes Mr. H. E. Winlock, on page 598, "is built under a cliff (from which Burton took the photograph). As one stood in the temple doorway, there stretched in front an enormous courtyard, over 200 yards long and 100 yards wide, surrounded by a high limestone wall. On the far side of the courtyard there was a gateway, through which one entered from an avenue, lined on either side with statues of the king, tamarisk trees, and two more high stone walls. (Traces of these walls are seen in the extreme centre background.) Toward the front

of the court and partly under the old house built by the Egypt Exploration Fund (left middle distance), was the mouth of a gigantic tomb called Bab el Hosân by the Arabs, found by Howard Carter in 1900." The double row of holes in the centre middle distance indicates a grove of sycamore-fig trees, and the smaller ones to the right, tamarisks. Next (coming nearer) are the temple ruins. The oblong aperture (centre foreground) leads to the tomb of Mentuhotep III. (c. 2030-2002 B.C.). This photograph is numbered 4 to correspond with the numbering in the article on page 598.

FISH THAT CATCH THEIR PREY IN THE AIR: PURSUERS AND PURSUED OUT OF THEIR OWN ELEMENT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES PEARS, R.O.I.



A "SUPER-MACKEREL" THAT LEAPS OUT OF THE WATER AFTER FLYING-FISH: THE ALBACORE IN CHASE OF ITS PREY—A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE FOR OCEAN TRAVELLERS IN TROPIC SEAS.

"The Albacore," writes Mr. Charles Pears in a note on his picture, "is an enlarged mackerel, with additional trimmings in the way of fins, but surpassing the mackerel in iridescent splendour and brilliance of colour. The Albacore is found in the Tropics, and its presence is first-made known by the appearance of the flying fish, which is its principal food. The little glittering flying fish break out of the water and glide through the air. The Albacore greedily breaks out after them,

amid a splutter of spray, and, gorgeous in the glint of the tropical sun, provides a delightful spectacle for passengers on passing liners. In the days of sails, much more was seen of the finny population of the deep. A great variety of fish, whales and so on, can be observed from sailing-ships, but the Albacore remains unfrightened by the propellers of steamers, and is still one of the sights to be seen by ocean travellers."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada—C.P.]

When the Pope was Mountaineer: A Personal Record.

"CLIMBS ON ALPINE PEAKS." By ABATE ACHILLE RATTI.*

WHEN his Eminence Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, devoted priest, great librarian, proved diplomatist and conciliator, became his Holiness Pope Pius XI., one of the first bodies to send him reverent congratulations was the Alpine Club of Italy, and our own Alpine Club followed suit. When the last "glorious failure" in mountaineering was at its beginning, the Pope gave his benediction, telegraphing to the daring mission designed to conquer Mount Everest: "May God, who dwells on the heights, bless the Expedition." To-day one of his treasures is a fragment of rock broken from the highest point the explorers reached.

The reason is not far to seek: in his day, the name of Achille Ratti was honoured among mountain-climbers as that of a man ranking with the most enthusiastic, the most intrepid of their kin. As the Bishop of Salford puts it: "His elevation to the Papacy has not destroyed his love of Alpinism, though it has for ever cut him off from its pursuit." There is tragedy in that "for ever"; but some day, perchance, when Church and State shall have come to closer understanding, his Holiness will once more revel in the sunrise on the crest he conquered so gallantly; in the words of Douglas Freshfield: "The snows of Soracte viewed from the windows of the Vatican can be but a poor substitute for the vision of Monte Rosa 'shining faintly flushed and phantom-fair' among the spires of his former cathedral."

There is nothing surprising in this alliance of cleric and climber. History is full of similar cases. Mr. Freshfield chronicles some: "The worthy Bishops and Abbots who were forced to intrude on the Alps in order to reach the goal of their pilgrimage, Rome, looked on the Great St. Bernard, the Mons Jovis, as the haunt of a Pennine army of evil spirits, 'Penninus exercitus malignorum spirituum'; but by the middle of the eighteenth century the procession of 'Visitors to the Glaciers' had begun. The Benedictine monk of Disentis, Placidus à Spescha, became vigorously familiar with the mountains of Graubünden; M. Murith, a Canon of the Great St. Bernard, scaled Mont Vélan; and M. Clément, Curé of Val d'Illeaz, brought low the Dent du Midi. Later—in 1800—came Cardinal Count Franz von Salm's party, to subjugate the Gross Glockner; and, about 1840, the mountain-climbing Cardinal who was Prince-Archbishop of Prague. Later still, in connection with Tyrolean peaks particularly, were Peter Karl Thurwieser and Valentin Stanig. All knew the "deep and, as it were, religious silence of the highest crests."

Thus the present Pope followed goodly company when, as Abate Achille Ratti, he climbed Alpine peaks, bent not only on the physical joys of mountaineering, but on the realisation of the belief of him who wrote: "Why do men go up on to the heights? Is it perchance a mysterious, inexplicable fascination...? Or is it perhaps merely the desire to boast of his prowess? We find it difficult to believe as much."

"It is rather a longing to know his beloved native land even to its utmost boundaries and its highest summits, with its indescribable beauties."

"It is the feeling in him of his spiritual energy, which inspires him and drives him to overcome the terrors of lifeless matter; it is the desire to measure man's individual faculties, the infinite power of intelligent free-will, with the brute forces of the elements; it is the sacred instinct which bids us explore in the service of science the inmost structure and life of the earth, the mysterious organism of all created things; it is, perhaps, the ambition of the lord of the earth to seal with a vigorous act of his own volition his relationship with the Infinite, on the highest point, which he has at last attained,

and when his glance can sweep over the world which lies at his feet."

Those records of his Holiness which are now published in English are from the "Rivista Mensile" of the Italian Alpine Club, and they reveal the Pope Pius XI. of the future as a most practised and practical mountaineer of splendid endurance, a climber with the experience that forbade undue risks when



FAMOUS AS A MOUNTAINEER IN HIS DAY:
HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

Reproduced from "Climbs on Alpine Peaks," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

precautions could prevent them and the skill that defied the unforeseen when it came.

His most noteworthy deed was the crossing of Monte Rosa. Of this, Mr. Freshfield writes: "Few more daring feats are on record. The ascent of the precipitous face of Monte Rosa above Macugnaga was for years reckoned one of the unsolved problems of

In his account he makes light of dangers. That they were there is very evident. From the hut at 10,500 feet, the party took eighteen hours to gain the Ost Spitze; then, as it was too late to continue their progress, they had to descend a hundred feet and spend the night on a ledge at a height of 15,000 feet. The next day they finished the ascent of the Dufour Spitze, returned to their bivouac, and forced the first passage of the Zumstein Sattel, finally descending, to be benighted under the rocks of the Gornergrat. All that meant much hardship, despite excellent weather for the undertaking. Monsignor Ratti himself wrote: "Shortly before one o'clock we started for the Marinelli hut, and, greeted on our way by a herd of chamois, arrived there at about seven in the evening, without encountering any difficulty except a terrible sleepiness, which came upon the writer just at the wrong time, and against which, though Gadin's excellent arguments were of no use, a very few drops of ammonia proved a sovereign remedy."

Again: "We were obliged to attack an ice-wall which rose perpendicularly on our left. Though only a few metres in height, it took us at least half an hour to climb, and we had to use every trick of hand and foot. It was, perhaps, at this point that the watchers with their telescopes at Macugnaga thought we were stationary far too long, and began to fear for the safety of the party."

Then Professor Grasselli met a mishap. He lost his axe, and, as a consequence, he was compelled "that evening and next morning to put his hands on the cold rocks and in the snow more than was convenient. His gloves were soon torn to pieces and became quite useless to him; the final result was severe frost-bite in the fleshy parts of his fingers."

Next, the night on the ledge: "It was impossible to take a step in any direction. Anyone sitting down found his feet dangling in space; one had, however, every facility for stamping them, provided we were careful not to lose our balance. And these elementary gymnastics were most necessary."

"The cold was intense; without being able to reckon the exact degree, I may mention that our coffee was frozen hard, and our wine and our eggs resembled it, in that they were neither respectively drinkable nor eatable." Sleep was, of course, impossible, and there the climbers remained, at 4600 metres above the sea, from 8.30 one night until a quarter-to-five the next morning! There, too, the silence was broken by a sound like a mighty thunder-clap. "It was an avalanche which was breaking loose and falling below us, but too far away to cause us any trouble. Awestruck and amazed, we listened attentively to the terrible sound of destruction, the sight of which was denied to us, as the mass, ever increasing in volume, hurled itself downwards."

So to the summit, the placing of a report in a bottle found in a chink of the "stone man," and a descent of much arduous work during which, at one point, the climbers had to go down backwards, as on a ladder, faces to one of the steepest of snow slopes, making large holes in the snow with feet and hands, first digging in axes as deeply as possible.

The heat of Milan cured Grasselli; and in this connection may be added Monsignor Ratti's notes as to the treatment for frost-bite as applied to Prince E. Gonzaga and his guide in 1891. "It may not be without interest to mountaineers," he wrote, "to learn the principal points of this treatment, which can be summed up in very few

words: alternate massage with snow and compresses of spirits of camphor, followed by bandaging with cotton-wool and indiarubber, which latter, on Dr. Sormani's suggestion, was applied directly to the affected parts with immediate benefit."

There we must leave a volume of singular interest, a book noteworthy not only because of its illustrious author, but for itself. With the utmost safety, it may be said that all reading it will find great entertainment and yield much admiration.—E. H. G.



HEIGHTS THE FUTURE POPE CONQUERED: MONTE ROSA—FROM THE PIZZO BIANCO.

Reproduced from "Climbs on Alpine Peaks," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Photograph by Kilchberg.

the Alps. It was accomplished at last and more than once, but not by Italians. The successful climbers on their return agreed in declaring that, owing to the unavoidable risk incurred from avalanches and falling stones, the expedition ought to be banned."

Monsignor Ratti thought otherwise, and his patriotism was thoroughly aroused. Hence his expedition with his colleague, Professor Luigi Grasselli and the Courmayeur guides Gadin and Proment, the latter acting as porter.

* "Climbs on Alpine Peaks." By Abate Achille Ratti, Mountaineer (now Pope Pius XI.). Translated by J. E. C. Eaton. With a Foreword by Douglas Freshfield, and an Introduction by the Right Rev. L. C. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 8s. 6d. net.)

BY LINER THROUGH EQUATORIAL FORESTS: 1000 MILES UP THE AMAZON.



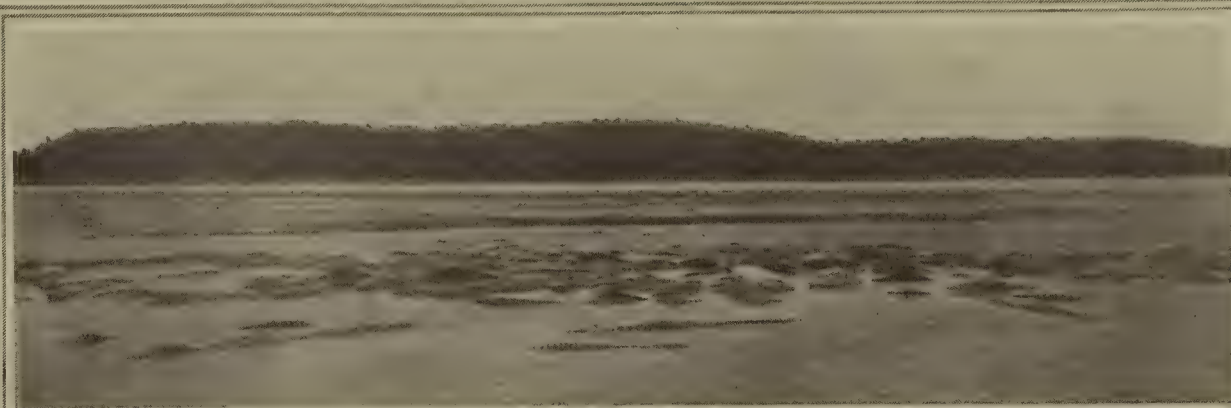
TYPICAL OF THE WONDERFUL BIRD LIFE OF THE AMAZON: AN EGRET AND HER NEST.



A NATIVE BRAZILIAN RIVERSIDE PILE-DWELLING, WITH PALM-THATCHED ROOF.



AS SEEN IN THE NARROWS OF THE AMAZON: THE TWILIT EQUATORIAL FOREST.



WHISKING THEIR PONDEROUS TAILS OR FLOATING IDLY WITH THE TIDE: A SHOAL OF ALLIGATORS ON THE BANK OF THE RIO NEGRO, NEAR MANAOS, THE LIMIT OF THE CRUISE.



NATIVES FISHING ON THE AMAZON: TWO MEN ON A RAFT.



AS LARGE AS ITS CAPTORS: AN AMAZONIAN DOLPHIN—A RARE FISH SELDOM CAUGHT.



THE LARGEST OF ALL KNOWN FRESH-WATER FISH, ATTAINING 15 FT. AND WEIGHING ABOUT 400 LB.: A CATCH OF PIRARUCU, A KIND OF GIANT PIKE, IN AMAZON WATERS.

The mighty Amazon, the greatest river in the world, is generally regarded as a region of mystery beyond the range of the ordinary traveller. Such an idea, however, is entirely mistaken, since, by the enterprise of the Booth Steamship Company, it is now possible to step aboard a 7000-ton liner, the R.M.S. "Hildebrand," at Liverpool, and go for a cruise of 11,800 miles, of which 2000 are traversed on the Amazon, from Para to Manaoas and back. On the way across the Atlantic, the ship passes Portugal, and visits can be paid to Oporto and Lisbon; thence the course lies straight to Brazil, by way of Madeira. The trip up the Amazon is made in the same vessel, and, while surrounded with all the luxuries of modern ocean

travel, the voyager traverses a realm of romance and enjoys at leisure the beauty of the great river and the interesting glimpses of native life on its banks, with palm-thatched dwellings built on piles, fishermen in strange craft catching unfamiliar fish, and, in places, shoals of alligators. At times, especially in the Narrows, the ship threads her way through dense walls of equatorial forest, only some thirty yards away on either hand. At Manaoas, the limit of the cruise, an expedition can be made by native boats and on foot into the heart of the jungle, which is a veritable paradise for the naturalist, with its giant trees and luxurious undergrowth, haunted by birds of bright plumage and gorgeous butterflies.

AS IF CARRYING A NESTLING ? A FLUSHED WOODCOCK'S CURIOUS FLIGHT.

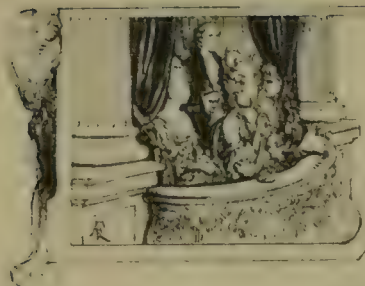
FROM THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF G. E. LODGE, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



GAME BIRDS THAT OFTEN CARRY AWAY ONE OF THEIR YOUNG WHEN FLUSHED FROM THE NEST: WOODCOCK.

"When flushed off its young ones," says Mr. G. E. Lodge of this illustration, "a woodcock assumes rather extraordinary features in its flight. With head, feet and tail drooping down, it looks most clumsy and awkward. The tail being partly spread as well as hanging down gives the bird the appearance of carrying something away, and I have no doubt that this appearance has not seldom been mistaken, and has led to the assumption that the bird is carrying away one of its young ones.

But, although the bird may assume this attitude without carrying off a young one, there are too many apparently well-authenticated accounts of woodcock having not only been seen but shot in the act of carrying a young one, that the fact cannot well be denied. The great majority of woodcock that are shot in this country are migrants from Scandinavia ; but there is a good supply of resident woodcock which nest here from the south of England to the north of Scotland."



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



ABOUT SARAH BERNHARDT.—STORIES FROM RUSSIAN OPERAS.

I COULD write a book about her. About her greatness and—her follies: her cub; her coffin; her boxing the ears of the great Taillade, her horse-whipping Marie Colombier; her idolatry of her son Maurice and the fortune which it cost her; her marriage to Damala, Greek aristocrat, actor and morphinist; her affront to the German Minister who drank to "France" at a banquet, when she exclaimed: "Toute la France, Excellence?" (for it was after 1870); her defection from the Comédie Française; her quarrel with the lovely Croizette; her incredible efforts to make and fan *réclame*; her almost comic upholding of her "sovereignty" off the stage as well as on! Never shall I forget a little visit, years ago, to Boulevard Pereire: the antechamber where visitors lingered in waiting; the quaint noise next door as of *frou-frou*ing gowns and shuffling feet; then folding doors flung apart as by magic; a figure in white on a gilded fauteuil; around her, in semi-circle, her secretaries, intimates, devotees; the confusion of the visitor, dazzled by this unexpected *mise-en-scène*; her graceful smile, her suavity of address, her witchery to make one feel as if a great queen were bestowing favours; her sublime acceptance of words of homage and her sudden bow to the next worshipper. It was very solemn at the moment, and very comic in the after-thought, like so many things which Sarah did *pour la galerie*—all part and parcel of a policy which for decades has kept the world busy with gossip, yet indirectly always led to the aggrandisement of her renown.

For, as in most great personalities, there lived two souls in Sarah Bernhardt. In the intimacy of the family and a circle of friends, there was no more delightful, womanly woman than this spoilt child of kings and nations. Then she was the typical *Française*: cordial, simple, vivacious, full of tenderness and consideration for her own, full of charm and simplicity towards those whom she knew to be abashed by her greatness and would make to feel at home. She always towered above her surroundings, but, especially as she grew in years, she would make efforts to suppress the superman in her; and she listened to the young with such benevolent patience as would urge them to give free rein to their thoughts, however opposed to hers, so that—

memory. It was her progress of the 'Seventies of the last century, when from Paris she marched triumphantly through the Netherlands and set her pennant towards England, to become for ever an idol of our public, and—let it not be forgotten—a mighty ally in the development of the better understanding between the two nations. To those who, like myself, saw, in their 'teens, Sarah Bernhardt's *Phèdre*, her Marguerite Gauthier, her Donna Sol, the sensation was indescribable. Revelation is not the word for it—her voice; her majestic personality, powerful by its very frailty; her regal gesture; her metamorphosis

ran parallel—were of the second plane. So long as she appeared in drama worthy of her power, she stood alone on the summit. There was no voice so flexible in its prismatic power, no manner so imperious or so suave, no mentality so dominating by its penetration and manifestation of the human soul on its loftiest summits, in its tenderest nooks, and darkest corners. Nor would I maintain that the Sarah Bernhardt of the Sardou period and all that followed, until during the war, in "Les Cathédrales," she once more ascended to the august heights of the past, does not deserve to rank with her antecedents. That would be unjust as well as retrograde. To the younger generation of this country, Sarah, even to the last—save the painful farewell of 1921 in Verneuil's play—must have been the same revelation as to us of some decades ago. But there is this difference. We saw the bursting into flower; they, the younger, the second blooming. We by constant worship at her shrine learned the secrets of *miel*, perhaps the limitations of genius. That is the way (and perhaps the tragedy) of life, to say nothing of familiarity. But what of it? History will but remember one Sarah Bernhardt, and that name will radiate on its scroll in indelible glory.



SHAKESPEARE ACTED BY MARIONETTES: PROSPERO AND MIRANDA, FOUR FEET HIGH, IN "THE TEMPEST."

The famous Italian marionettes from the Teatro dei Piccoli at Rome have just been brought to London by an Anglo-Italian syndicate. It was arranged to open their season at the New Scala Theatre on April 12 with "The Sleeping Beauty," by Gian Bistolfi, with music by Ottorino Respighi, conducting in person at the *première*. There are over 500 of these wonderful puppet players, over 4 ft. high, and their repertory comprises over 25 operas, 5 plays, and 5 ballets, besides variety numbers. No such marionette show has ever before been seen in this country. Duse said of them: "These marionettes are perfect because they are guided by a soul." Here all the productions are to be played and sung in English.

into different beings of intense contrast; her sway by silence; her overwhelming magnetism, which seemed to stifle the very breath of the audience; her, to the youthful mind, sublime crystallisation of all that is embodied in the word "genius"—struck us with

A delightful little book has come to hand in Miss Gladys Davidson's "Stories from the Russian Operas." It is even a more welcome companion than its excellent predecessor, "Stories from the Operas." For these dealt with the more familiar themes of France, Italy, and Germany, and would be accessible to many more people than the Russian stories—our general knowledge of Russia, its people and history, fairly deserving, as far as the majority is concerned, the description of "Nitchewo." The book has a double interest: it is leavened with folklore, and it is full of romance.

Miss Davidson, a lover of the imaginative, does not relate her tales in the reporting form of a synopsis, but narrates them, one and all, as if the plot inspired her to remould the libretto in the form of a short novel. It makes pleasant



"GUIDED BY A SOUL": ITALIAN MARIONETTES, CLAIMING TO RIVAL THE RUSSIAN BALLET IN ARTISTRY, IN A SCENE FROM "ALI BABA."



A THEATRICAL NOVELTY AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE: THE WONDERFUL MARIONETTES FROM THE TEATRO DEI PICCOLI, ROME, IN A FAIRY PLAY, "LITTLE PEBBLE."

as she put it—she could forget the calendar and fall into line with the growing race.

"To forget the calendar"; that was the greatest of all the favours showered upon this child of a family of eleven. She forgot it, when a mere girl, she triumphed in Coppée's "Passant" and made a poet as well as an actress. She forgot it when, for more than forty years, she conquered the world by her "Dame aux Camélias," her *Phèdre*, her Queen in Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas"; and would not abdicate these earliest honours until the surgeon's knife condemned her to sedentary rule. For, whatever may have been the splendour of her laurels in *Fédora*, *Tosca*, *Théodora*, *Gismonda*, *Princesse Lointaine*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Aiglon*, and the will-o'-the-wisp-like glamour of her Hamlet and Lorenzaccio, to us of the older generation there was but one monumental

dumbness, anon to be released by vociferous ecstasy, to drive us to the stage-door and to unhorse her carriage that we might drag the conquering heroine through the streets, as in Ancient Rome they greeted the victor.

Such enthusiasm may seem madness in retrospect. But was it? Were we mad to propel the chariot of genius when nowadays ten thousand troop round the window of a cinema star whose name one would not dare utter in the same breath as that of the greatest actress of a life-time? For that she was, and her only contemporary peers were Eleonora Duse and Clara Ziegler, the latter long since dead and unknown to the present generation of England, if she ever acted here at all. For, compared with Sarah in her *Phèdre* period, even Ristori, Wolter, and Réjane—to name a few whose vogue

reading, and informing too, and I for one, who dislike studying the text-book whilst music and acting claim our attention, found it an agreeable pastime to wed memories of melody to a graphic reconstruction of the intrigue, many details of which became lost in the often indistinct enunciation of singers, or—when produced in Russian—by the inability to understand the development beyond the broad outline printed on the programmes. Apart from the student, the film-producer will find this volume both useful and of great practical value. For some of the stories, such as "Boris Godounov," "Ivan," the Terrible," would make splendid reels in the hands of a skilful and well-informed "film-editor." As several of the operas have fallen into the "common domain," Miss Davidson might claim a share in the collaboration.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

IT was Lord Dufferin who said long ago, with reference to a then coming man who is much in the public mouth this week—"All Winston's indiscretions will be found to have been very carefully calculated."

One or two of Mr. Churchill's indiscretions will not bear out Lord Dufferin's saying, for even the greatest men are but human, and under the stress, say, of a critical public meeting, they are apt to sacrifice proverbial calculated suavity of manner to impromptu vigour of statement, with sorrowful results, when it comes to a ballot. In these isolated cases the indiscretion is manifestly indiscreet, but on the larger question of a man's acts and all that he did, the wisdom of his indiscretions is harder to evaluate, at any rate, while he is still alive. Even the verdict of history must be unsatisfactory, for Mr. Guedalla has just been telling us on a neighbouring page that history is never written until it is not worth reading. If that be so, there is something to be said for the public man who risks indiscretion and dares to become the historian of his own life and times.

The fine question as to a statesman's right to reveal the secrets of his prison house may be left to purists. Much is to be forgiven the writer who offers to his contemporaries revelations not yet mouldy. He may not forestall the verdict of posterity, but he has considerable claims on its gratitude. For it is a commonplace practice of the historian to give preferential credit to contemporary documents. "If only," the historian has exclaimed, "Blenkinsop had set down his own account of the Wangaloo crisis, how much less difficult it would have been to arrive at the truth!" And he bears Blenkinsop a grudge for the omission.

Some, however, declare that while the writing of such memoirs is in itself a praiseworthy act, it is nevertheless more decent for the writer to lock them away in his desk, not to be seen of mortal eye until the worms have him, and possibly his papers also. This feeling has something to commend it, and it rebukes an age too greedy of the hot cakes of daily journalism, which are accounted stale a moment or two after they leave the oven's mouth. But even the writer on high politics who refuses to wait for his own demise before publication may do the historian a service; for he not only supplies the document, but he challenges a contemporary criticism which, if not wiser, is at least more lively and intimate than anything posterity could find to say on the subject.

So then, on this count alone, the latest "literary indiscretion"—the phrase, I think, was coined by the late Duke of Argyll as a modest euphemism to describe his own writings—the latest literary indiscretion of Mr. Winston Churchill may be found to have been very carefully calculated. The future historian will have before him not only Mr. Churchill's contemporary testimony, but the opinions of his contemporaries upon it. He may have chosen to publish now, as a prophylactic against the moth and rust of time and the ingenious errors of still far-distant Bodleian, B.M., and Record Office moles.

It is well to be beforehand, for there is no saying what may happen when the critic of future ages gets thoroughly going. When Mr. Verrall, for example, let himself loose on the "Agamemnon," the world heard a story of which Æschylus never dreamed. Nor had any of his contemporaries caught a whisper of the amazing thing, or, if they did, they conspired to hold their tongues. The cryptic inwardness of the Argive

Crisis, as Verrall read it, inspired no Athenian Churchill. Alcibiades, unfortunately, did not write. He was content to specialise in disastrous military expeditions abroad.

Whatever talents Mr. Churchill may possess as a strategist, as a writer he has long ago established a reputation. His biography of his father gave him an assured position in that most difficult form of literature, and the same skill has gone to the making of his latest book of memoirs, "THE WORLD CRISIS, 1911-1914" (Thornton Butterworth; 30s.), the most momentous chapter of our national history written from a personal standpoint by one who took a large hand in these crucial happenings. Mr. Churchill has a fine sense of drama, and the power of communicating it to his reader. He can actually make one feel the breathless suspense of August 1914, when official minds were racked by the agony of decision. One is allowed to share the intimacies of the Admiralty at that moment, and to see a harassed First Lord receiving an epoch-making telegram, even as he emerges still dripping from his bath. This is intimacy with a ven-

Another minor touch of almost comic relief occurs in the brief but very graphic account of the First Lord's anxious two hours after Admiral Oliver had come in bringing word that Sturdee was engaged with von Spee.

The door opened again, and this time the countenance of the stern and sombre Oliver wore something which closely resembled a grin. "It's all right, Sir; they are all at the bottom." And with one exception, so they were.

Books about battles and the secret acts of those who direct them are certain to provoke controversy, and Mr. Churchill's vivid pictures of the Admiralty from within at the moment of highest tension in its history will be no exception to the rule. The serial publication of extracts has already drawn fire. "The World Crisis" is likely to be the most widely read and hotly discussed of the season's books.

Lovers of controversy will find plenty of that in Mr. A. G. Gardiner's "LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT" (Constable; two vols.; 45s.); so much, in fact, that even the keenest politicians have confessed to a surfeit. But if the book is too long and too polemical, and at times too fondly eulogistic, it enables the discerning reader to form a just estimate of Harcourt's character, both in its weakness and in its strength. The best part is the domestic, and the picture of an aristocratic Conservative family, still so little assailed by democracy as to be shocked at leisure by the sight of a patrician in the Liberal ranks. When Harcourt's elder brother, the Squire of Nuneham, told him he "had no landed ideas," Sir William retorted with one of his best mots: "You have the land, and may leave the ideas to me." The biography, if over long, is full of good things, and, like all Mr. Gardiner's work, written in an easy, agreeable style.

Another way of forestalling the historian is that of Father Ronald Knox, whose ghostly gifts of prescience have given him access to the memoirs of Opal, Lady Porstock, who flourished between the years 1915 and 1988½, for the engaging writer has not presented us with any "damned post-obit." "MEMOIRS OF THE FUTURE," being Memoirs of the Years 1915-1972, edited by Ronald A. Knox (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), is a piece of spoof writing distinguished even in a period of extraordinarily clever spoof literature. To miss reading it is to miss a huge delight.

Lady Porstock wrote these reminiscences in 1988, but, as they do not reach further up than 1972, one may reasonably hope that the author will be spared to give us the story of the sixteen years still unrecorded, and even further. So abundant is Lady Porstock's vitality, even at the age of seventy-three, that one would lay odds on her seeing her hundredth birthday. She is a true child of her age, a great lady who is still great and a lady, although the giddy flapperism of the present day seems to her a very tame thing and our most go-ahead institutions sad back numbers. When Lady P. was married in 1944, she promised, according to the Revised Book of Common Prayer, "to respect and co-operate with" her husband, not "so long as ye both shall live," but "until the King shall take other order." These uncanonical jests are all in the vein of Knox's remark in his Oxford days. "Such fun! The new Fellow's been preaching heresy—all about Transubstantiation." He has been called "a wit that loves to play tricks with the subtlety of a curiously agile brain." This book is the least dangerous of all the tricks in Father Knox's bag.



ALL THE ALLIED VICTORY MEDALS SO FAR ISSUED, WITH SIMILAR RIBBON: (1) BRITISH; (2) BELGIAN; (3) FRENCH; (4) ROUMANIAN; (5) ITALIAN; (6) PORTUGUESE; (7) GREEK; (8) AMERICAN.

The institution of a Victory Medal for all mobilised men in the Great War was decided by representatives of the Associated Powers in Paris in March 1919. It was to be a round medal of bronze, 36 millimetres wide, attached by a ring to a ribbon identical for all countries and consisting of two rainbows joined by the red in the centre. Each country was to select a single artist to design its medal, and all were to be as nearly alike as possible, with a winged figure of Victory on the obverse, and on the reverse an inscription—"The Great War for Civilisation"—translated into the various languages. Full particulars are given in Commander Taprell-Dorling's book, "Ribbons and Medals of the Great War."—[Photograph supplied by G. Drummond Lovell.]

geance, and some may think it beneath the dignity of Clio, but history supplies sufficient precedents for bathing scenes. And then, this extra "price of Admiralty" gives the irresistible "human touch."

The human touch is at its best when Mr. Churchill writes of his relations, personal and official, with Lord Fisher, of whose originality this book gives new and amiable glimpses. In spite of differences, sharper, perhaps, than the record admits, the Ablest Seaman and his lay colleague loved one another to the end. In Fisher's official letters the "Beloved Winston" of earlier days might stiffen to "First Lord," but the personal regard weathered all storms.

Mr. Churchill has an eye for small points which a chronicler of large events might be tempted to pass over. But even grave preoccupation with arrangements for counterchecking von Spee did not prevent him from noting a touch of sailor-like superstition in Lord Fisher. When he heard the earliest date at which the *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* could be ready for sea, Fisher exclaimed—"Friday the thirteenth—what a day to choose!"

£22,000 FOR THREE MAJOLICA VASES: A GREAT ART SALE.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. DUVEEN BROTHERS, LTD.

THE Salomon Collection comprised 700 lots, including early Italian, Flemish, and German paintings; canvases and pastels of the French eighteenth-century school, rare colour engravings, Renaissance and other bronzes, Italian Renaissance and French furniture, porcelain, and a few pieces of rare Italian majolica. Some of the highest prices given were as follows. A pair of sculptured marble groups by Pajou—"Satyr and Infant Bacchus" and "Wood Nymph and Infant"—fetched £8800. Two bronze and *cuivre doré* candelabra, by Feuchère, formerly in the Château d'Eu, brought £2240. For a pair of Venetian andirons, of the early seventeenth century, representing "War" and "Peace," £1700 was paid. A cope worn by Pope Sixtus IV. (1471-84), 9½ ft. long by 5 ft. wide, wrought

(Continued in Box 2.)



MADE ABOUT 1545 BY ORAZIO FONTANA: AN URBINO VASE (26½ IN. HIGH) WITH MEDALLIONS OF AMADIS OF GAUL AND THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

in coloured silks and gold threads, obtained £2600. A sixteenth-century Persian hunting rug was sold for £1800, and an Indian silk prayer rug (seventeenth century) for £4020. Four splendid seventeenth-century Brussels tapestries, illustrating the triumphs of Scipio Africanus, realised £10,500. Three Italian Gothic stalls of inlaid carved walnut went for £10,560. Six Beauvais tapestry carved fauteuils, with a carved and gilded sofa—the tapestry originally made for Marie Antoinette—fetched £13,000. Two Aubusson tapestry fauteuils, carved and gilded, of the Louis XVI. period, with two banquettes and two seats, brought £4500. An inlaid tulip wood and satin wood cabinet, mounted in *cuivre doré*, by J. F. Leleu and Gouthière, of the Louis XVI. period, were bought for £2800.



INSCRIBED AT FOOT, "MADE IN URBINO IN BOTEGA BY ORAZIO FONTANA" (C. 1545): A VASE (21 IN. HIGH) WITH MEDALLION—THE TOWER OF BABEL.



WITH A MEDALLION REPRESENTING THE BUILDING OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY URBINO VASE (21 IN. HIGH) BY ORAZIO FONTANA.

The four days' sale of the great collection of Italian Renaissance and French eighteenth-century work, left by the late William Salomon, of New York, took place there on April 4, 5, 6 and 7, in the galleries of the American Art Association, the "Christie's" of New York. The total amount realised was 1,292,847 dollars, or £258,569, a result which constitutes it the third greatest art sale ever held by public auction in the United States. The total would have been still higher but for the fact that fifteen of the chief Italian pictures were withdrawn before

the public sale, and acquired by Messrs. Duveen Brothers. That famous firm were the purchasers of most of the principal lots, including the set of three Urbino two-handled vases by Orazio Fontana (illustrated above), for which Sir Joseph Duveen paid £22,000. They are of undoubted pedigree, having previously been in the collection of the late Baron Adolphe de Rothschild and the celebrated Spitzer Collection. Other high prices which were given at the Salomon sale are particularised in the note above.

MARTYRDOM IN RUSSIA: THE BOLSHEVIST PERSECUTION OF PRIESTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., AND P. AND A. PHOTOS, LTD.



THE HEAD OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH HELD UP TO RIDICULE: A GROTESQUE EFFIGY OF THE PATRIARCH TIKHON AT MOSCOW.



WHERE THE BOLSHEVISTS ARE WAGING WAR ON EVERY FORM OF RELIGION: AN EFFIGY OF BUDDHA CARRIED IN PROCESSION THROUGH MOSCOW.



SHOWING THE ACCUSED CLERGY, UNDER GUARD (IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND); THEIR ADVOCATE, M. PUSHKIN (BENDING DOWN, AT LEFT-HAND TABLE); THE PRESIDENT (CENTRE), AND KRYLENKO (RIGHT): THE TRIAL IN MOSCOW THAT LED TO THE EXECUTION OF MONSIGNOR BUTKEVITCH.



WITH MONSIGNOR BUTKEVITCH (SECOND FROM RIGHT, FRONT ROW), AFTERWARDS EXECUTED, AND ARCHBISHOP CIEPLIAK (CENTRE), WHOSE DEATH SENTENCE WAS COMMUTED TO TEN YEARS: THE SIXTEEN ACCUSED PRIESTS.



IMPRISONED BEFORE HIS TRIAL ON APRIL 11: THE PATRIARCH TIKHON.

The execution of Monsignor Butkevitch, the Roman Catholic priest who was tried in Moscow, with fifteen others, for conspiracy against the Soviet State, and condemned to death by the Bolshevik tribunal, has sent a wave of horror and indignation through the civilised world. It was reported that the execution took place at 4 a.m. on Saturday, March 31 (Easter Eve), in a cellar beneath the Cheka building in Moscow. Monsignor Butkevitch, it is said, was made to stand with his back to the executioner, who shot him through the head from behind with a revolver. The sentences had been pronounced on March 26, and Archbishop Ciepliak, whose coadjutor Monsignor Butkevitch had been, was also condemned to

death, but his sentence was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for ten years. Protests had reached the Soviet Government from all over Europe, and the Pope instructed the head of the Pontifical Mission for the relief of distress in Russia to intervene on the Archbishop's behalf. It was stated that the trial of the Patriarch Tikhon and other Russian prelates would begin on April 11, and that on the 15th the Convocation of the "Red" Church would meet for the purpose of unfrocking him. Meantime, he was confined in the Donskoi Monastery at Moscow. The indictment against him, it is said, includes a charge of sending an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury.



OINA - MORUL.

*It was in the days of the king, while yet my
locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin,
on high, from ocean's nightly wave.*

B.L.
GOLD LABEL
Scotch
Whisky
15/- Per Bottle

BULLOCH, LADE & COMPANY
GLASGOW **LONDON**
149, West George Street. 36, Mark Lane.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Prince of Wales looked very pleased with his reception as he passed the winning-post and in the Paddock at Hawthorn Hill after his win. He was very, very hot—and no wonder, for the sun beat down, and his red jacket with purple sleeves was of thick knitted wool! He hopped off, and ungirthed his horse and took his saddle, and gave such a funny look at the ring of people round as he made for the weighing-in room. It was rather amusing to see scores of silk-clad legs in quick motion as their owners fled from seeing the finish to try to see the victor dismount. Some of the skirts were rather of the confining order, and their owners had to be careful not to split them. One lady said, and very rightly, "I should think they were both Little Favourites," to which a burly cook, in white coat, apron, and cap, replied, "My word, Madam, you're right!"

That the Queen's witnessing of her eldest son's success was not all pleasure was very evident. Rather pale on her arrival, during the race—when the glasses never left her eyes—she was very flushed. An umbrella shooting-seat fell, and the Queen jumped and looked really frightened. Lord Derby smilingly retrieved the brollie, which was rolling down the steps of the little stand with much noise, and again the Queen watched. There was such a happy, relieved look in her face when the last fence was cleared, and the shouts and cheers greeted the victory of the nation's favourite. The King, too, struck one as being nervous while the race was on. It was a good, hearty handshake he gave his son when he went back to the stand in his tweed suit and yellow sweater, and the Prince looked as if he very much liked it.

There is something specially enjoyable about the Household Brigade Steeplechases. So many present officers meet past officers, and such talks they have over the runs and races that are gone! The Earl of Athlone, looking quite bronzed and, as ever, handsome after his trip abroad, found many friends. He was joined by Princess Alice, looking very neat and pretty in a grey tweed coat and skirt, a black fox fur, and a small black satin hat. Her daughter, Lady May Cambridge, is quite a young lady now with hair up. She has a delightfully pretty face, and is like her mother in expression. She is small and dainty too, and is quite likely to be in the Court circle at the first Court, although her acquaintance with her eighteenth year is as yet slight. She walked about with her father in grey tweed and a grey straw hat trimmed with coloured ribbons.

The officers entertained their friends in a big marquee at lots of round tables, with bowls of pink carnations in the centre of each. The band of the "Blues" played, and it was all very delightful. Those who must grumble said that the sport was poor. Womenkind did not seem to notice it. Country clothes are always worn for this meeting. The Queen had a long purple blue cloth coat covering her dress.

It had one of the new cushion collars, not unlike substantial versions of Elizabethan ruffs, which, together with the Bishop sleeves, were embroidered in blue and silver. A small turban-shaped hat was worn, the brim made of folds of alternate blue and purple, and on it dull crimson flowers were laid quite flat on the hat. The Prince of Wales's manner to the Queen is charming—a mixture of deep affection, sympathetic understanding, and deference.

Everyone—except, perhaps, such artists as may have cherished hopes of being commissioned to do

The season should be a good one, ushered in with a wedding of one of the King's sons, and with the wedding of the Queen's niece to the heir of one of our oldest and most distinguished Dukedoms to come later. This month is fairly filled with weddings, but May will not be so filled, for brides seem to fear the merry month's superstitious ill favour more than the discouragement of the Church to wed in Lent. The King and Queen go to Rome in May, and will be away from London for over a week. The Queen is, one hears, looking forward very greatly to her visit to the Eternal City and to the Vatican. The Pope will receive their Majesties directly after their arrival, and his Holiness will arrange that the Queen sees as much of the Vatican as is possible.

The King and Queen have had a quiet time at Windsor with their sons with them and their prospective daughter-in-law. The Prince of Wales's energy is tremendous. He rode on Windsor race-course over jumps so early that he was back at the Castle, changed, and out on horseback with the King and his brothers at 9 a.m. After the Household Brigade Steeplechases he went off to Larkhill to ride there. Horses are a hobby with him, and ride he will. The Queen, I hear, wishes with all her heart that he had some less dangerous taste than for steeplechasing. However, that is what he likes, and he has evidently that very admirable asset of the cross-country rider, a knowledge of how to fall free—and long may he keep it, if fall he must, and most riders between the flags do at times.

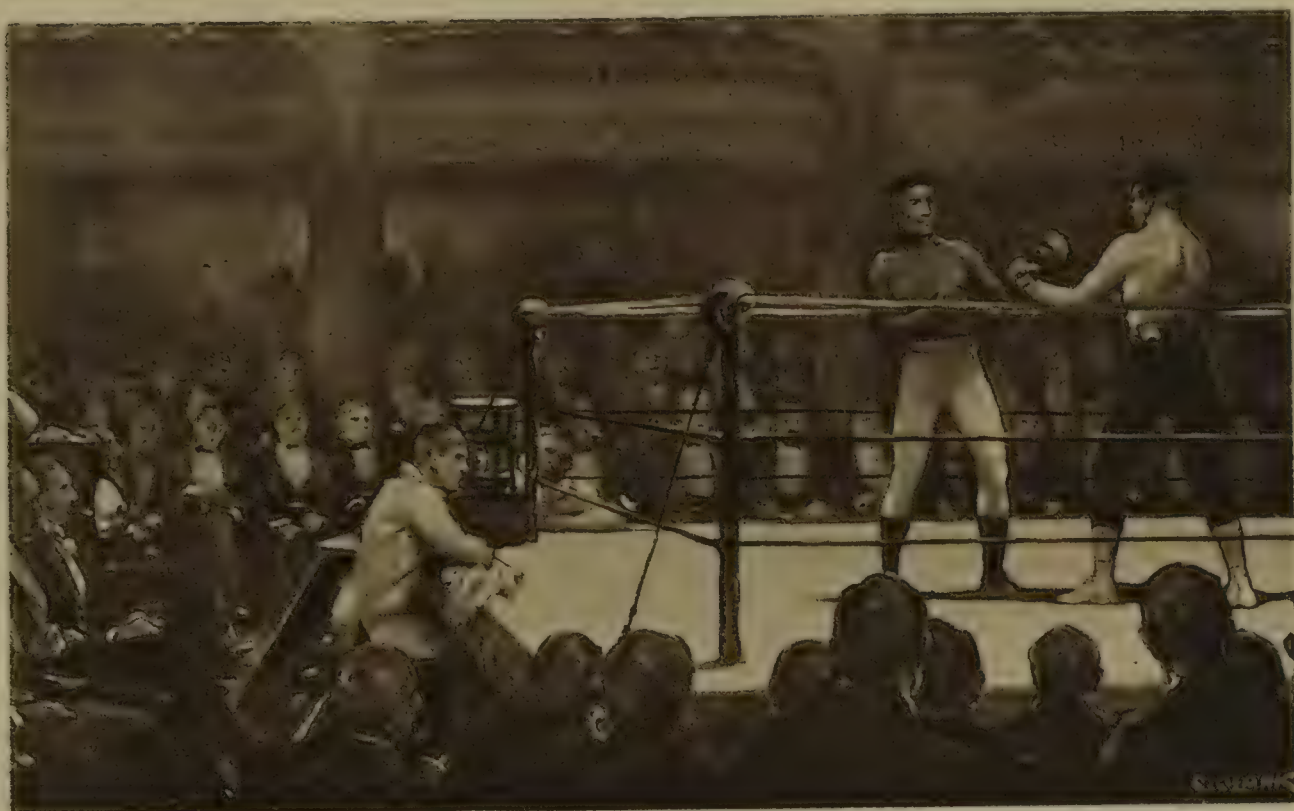
Miss Field made a delightful bride in her soft white velvet attire, with just a little warm tint in it from the pink lining. She looked nervous too, and that, if unfashionable, is very attractive, as she passed up the church with Lord Beatty to join her tall, handsome, upstanding bridegroom. Of him the report is by men that he is a splendid fellow, and by women that he is a dear boy. Lady Katharine Hamilton and Lady Patricia Ward walked together, and looked a couple of real handsome, British, highly bred girls. The two smaller girls were also pretty, and so were the train-bearers. Lady Katharine and Lady Patricia were much amused at being described as the large bridesmaids to differentiate them from the medium pair. Countess Beatty's cloak was a pleasant prophecy of large designs and brilliant colour, albeit the ground was black.

Princess Christian is more than ever like Queen Victoria; her expression is softer and her smile more genial. Shall we ever quite realise what her Royal Highness does by way of real work and good influence? For hours at a telephone trying to arrange for a very sick woman to be taken into a home is quite a usual experience. Making things easier for the poor and happier for all is what she loves to do. She is a royal lady who deserves well of us all, and gains from those who know her devoted affection. A. E. L.



Everything that the heart of the home-lover could wish for is to be found at Hampton's, Pall Mall East. They have recently opened a new department in which colour is the chief consideration. No matter what the colour scheme of a room may be, Hampton's can provide the right cushions, lamp-shades, rugs, and furniture to harmonise with it. (See page 614)

the work—will be relieved at the King's decision that there is to be no commissioned picture of the Duke of York's wedding. These canvases are necessarily very large, and the figures always stiff, formal, and unsatisfactory to everyone present. As his Majesty has four sons, four big pictures which would be of historical interest would take some housing. On all accounts, it seems wise not to have one of the approaching marriage ceremony. It will be a splendid affair, of course, although not so many seats will be available in the Abbey as for Princess Mary's wedding. It will, at all events, give the public and the friends of the bride and bridegroom a better show than did any royal weddings before that of Princess Mary.

The John Haig Clubland Series No. 24.

The National Sporting Club.

ALTHOUGH the history of the National Sporting Club as it exists to-day dates only from 1891, the building itself is full of historical associations. The site of the present ring was once occupied by a cottage tenanted by John Kemble and the birth-place of the famous Fanny Kemble.

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, was the first tenant of the present building, and among his successors was the Earl of Orford, better known to fame as Admiral Russell. The fine staircase in the Entrance Hall actually formed part of the Man-of-War *Britannia*, Russell's flagship at the battle of La Hogue in 1692. The building was the scene of the first Cabinet Council, so called, ever held in England. Later on it was converted into the first hotel in London. From 1800 to 1805 it was known as "The Star" from the number of men of rank by whom it was frequented. It is said not to have been unusual for nine Dukes to be dining there.

The illustration depicts the great fight between Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin which took place on 30th March, 1892, completing in a blaze of enthusiasm the National Sporting Club's first season.

And all through the building's long and distinguished career its successive occupants, we may be sure, valued at its true worth that famous old whisky John Haig. For so widely reputed has this the *original* Haig Whisky always been that whether of English Admiral on his flagship in 1692 or of modern post-war clubman there has never been real need to ask, in the words of the famous slogan:



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John
THE ORIGINAL
Haig?

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1

Fashions and Fancies.

The Charm of Organdie.

Organdie, if the dress-designers have prophesied correctly, is to take precedence of almost all other fabrics this summer, so that many gossamer-light frocks of this persuasion are already in course of preparation in the salons of the most notable artists in dress. The newest and finest form of organdie has one superb quality which renders it particularly suitable for garden-party or river wear—although it appears the most fragile material imaginable, it does not crush easily, and can be washed again and again without losing its freshness. Organdie can be had in every imaginable shade, or printed in various designs; and a novel idea which will find expression in some of the most fashionable light dresses this season is the use of an organdie slip of one colour worn under a frock of contrasting shade, with the result that the two colours blend together in a fascinating "shot" effect which alters whenever the fabric is moved.

For the Schoolboy.

Many mothers know to their cost that in the matter of clothes there is no more fastidious person than the schoolboy. He insists on the correct outfit having learnt by painful experience that the most scathing critics of the least irregularity of dress are his own contemporaries at school. No woman would willingly submit her son to the humiliation of the wrong equipment, and to avoid the danger of such a thing the matter should be placed in the hands of such recognised experts as Charles Baker and Co., whose chief branch is at 137, Tottenham Court Road. Forty years of experience in school clothes guarantees the reliability of their outfits, and, as they possess the regulation lists of the leading public schools, they are in a position to know exactly what is required. Their prices are extremely moderate, for the material used is always of splendid quality, designed to stand hard usage, and yet a well-cut suit can be had from 46s. 6d. in a variety of sporting tweeds. Another suit is made in worsted,

blue serge, or tweed from 41s. 6d.; while of the trio of serviceable suits sketched on this page, which are destined for boys between the ages of eleven and thirteen, the one on the left is obtainable in grey twill for 18s. 11d.; the standard grey flannel jacket and shorts are 10s. 11d.; and 29s. 6d. is the sum required for the useful school suit on the right. It



A trio of serviceable school suits which stand to the credit of Charles Baker's, 137, Tottenham Court Road.

is important to notice that all boys' clothes from Baker's are cut and made by skilled men tailors, so that perfect fit is assured.

The Care of the Skin.

In the spring the complexion is particularly susceptible to the unaccustomed attacks of sun and air, and now that warmer days are inviting an out-of-doors existence, special attention should be paid to the

care of the skin. Beetham's La-rola, the fragrant toilet milk which can be obtained for 1s. 6d. a bottle from all chemists and leading stores, is indispensable to the open-air woman, since it affords excellent protection against sunburn and the roughness and redness induced by exposure to high wind. Golfers and motorists alike will find it invaluable, as it will preserve the skin in perfect condition under the most trying circumstances if it is applied immediately before going out. It is neither sticky nor greasy, and is quite invisible when it has been rubbed in. A fresh, healthy colour is always an attractive asset, but, unfortunately, it is often only an attribute of youth which passes with the years, and older women frequently find that in the evening, when they would naturally wish to look their best, the fatigue of the day has left them pale. La-rola Rose Bloom adds just the touch of colour to the cheeks which gives new life to the whole face, and seems in some unaccountable way to brighten the eyes. La-rola Rose Bloom is undetectable, and may be had in 1s. boxes.

A Display of Tailor-Made Fashions.

All sportswomen should make a point of being present at the display which Burberrys, of the Haymarket, are holding on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, April 17, 18, and 19, for, besides fashionable town wear, there will be a number of racing and country suits worn by the mannequins. Fashions in tailor-mades and weather-proofs will be in evidence, and the time is from 11 till 1, and 3 to 5.

For Home Lovers.

Strong sunlight is far less kind to furnishings than the subdued winter light, and it is always in the spring that curtains, carpets, and cushions reveal their need of renovation. Before deciding on their new furnishings home lovers should visit Hampton's, in Pall Mall East, who are responsible for the interior decorations sketched on page 612. Many an otherwise artistic room has been completely spoilt by one single touch of the wrong colour, which strikes a discordant note, and Hampton's, who have made a special feature of colour-effects, are prepared to give expert advice on the subject.

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P. 198



THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

NOW that the spring publishing season is in full swing, and the booksellers' windows present new and alluring wares, we take occasion to glance at a few that catch the discriminating eye.

"Edmond Warre." Etonians and public-school men generally will not be the only readers to enjoy Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher's biography of a famous Headmaster of Eton, "Edmond Warre" (Murray; 21s. net.). Born in the year of Queen Victoria's Accession, Dr. Warre entered Eton as a boy in 1849, was an assistant master there from 1860 to 1884, Headmaster from 1884 to 1905, and Provost from 1909 to 1918. He died in 1920. As one of the pioneers of volunteering and of Officers' Training Corps in the public schools, he led a movement of incalculable value to the Empire.

From the career of a great teacher to "The Underworld of London," by Sidney Theodore Felstead (Murray; 7s. 6d. net.), is a transition distinctly abrupt, but, as somebody said, it takes all sorts to make a world. Here we turn to the seamy side of life, and read of such things as night resorts, swell "crooks," burglars, dope merchants, jewel thieves, blackmailers, picture-fakers, kleptomaniacs, and the chequered clientele of a pawnbroker. It is all very illuminating, and, if saddening on the moral side, by no means without its human interest and its humour.

"The Underworld of London." It is a far cry, again, from the last-named book to "Siwa: the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon," by C. Dalrymple Belgrave (John Lane; 15s. net.). This

is a very interesting account of modern life at a place renowned in antiquity, especially for the visit of Alexander to the famous oracle in 331 B.C. Siwa (pronounced "Seewah") is an oasis in the Libyan Desert, on the borders of Egypt and Tripoli. A chapter is devoted to its history, and a long, appreciative foreword is contributed by General Sir Reginald Wingate. The author's numerous photographs and colour-sketches add greatly to the book's attractions.



PROVIDED, LIKE THE DEAD PHARAOHS, WITH OFFERINGS OF FOOD: THE LATE PRINCE KITASHIRAKAWA OF JAPAN LYING IN STATE, WITH A PHEASANT, FRUIT, AND FISH BESIDE THE COFFIN.

The body of the late Prince Kitashirakawa, brother-in-law of the Emperor of Japan, was taken to Paris after he was killed in the recent motor accident near Bernay, and lay in state at the Japanese Embassy, guarded day and night by Japanese officers. In accordance with Shinto rites, beside the coffin were placed funeral offerings of rice, asparagus, apples, oranges, pears, fish, and pheasants. Two vases held wine and water, and the funeral table was lit by paper lanterns. It was arranged to take the body to Japan in a Japanese liner.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

"On." That indefatigable and provocative essayist, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, can write an excellent essay on anything. He has, in very fact, written volumes "On Nothing," "On Everything," and "On Something," not to speak of "This and That and the Other," and so on. His latest book is called simply "On" (Methuen; 6s. net). This

laconic title, however, is amplified in verse on the "jacket," as indicating a book—

On Lads and Poets, Pyrenean Springs,
Ambition, and the loves of Eastern Kings:
The Eternal Sea . . . and several other things.

Mr. Belloc deals faithfully with poets. An example is the essay in which he trounces Tennyson for "an intolerably bad line"—that is, "Kind hearts are more than coronets"—though accepting the statement itself as true. Under his last head must come, to give one more example, the essay "On a Piece of Rope." Here he has many stimulating things to say. There is no poem, he finds, entirely inspired by ropes. Again, he says: "Ropes more than any other subject are, I think, a test of a man's power of exposition in prose. If you can describe clearly without a diagram the proper way of making this or that knot, then you are a master of the English tongue."

"The Shakespeare Memorials of London." If the dream of a National Theatre dedicated to Shakespeare seems as impalpable as ever, there is at least one form of commemoration which continues to grow year by year, and that is the literature about him. A welcome addition thereto is Mr. W. Bailey Kempling's delightful little book, "The Shakespeare Memorials of London" (T. Werner Laurie; 5s. net), which every Londoner—and, indeed, every reader of Shakespeare—should make haste to possess.

Mr. Kempling has taken the word "memorial" in its widest sense, and has traced, in the spirit of a devout pilgrim, what London has to show in the shape of Shakespeare statues, paintings, drawings, and prints, stained-glass windows and commemorative tablets. He also touches on many other indirect "memorials." The illustrations consist of twenty-four photographs by William J. Roberts.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS
SPRING, 1923.

GENERAL LITERATURE

ON: A Volume of Essays. By HILAIRE BELLOC. 6s. net.
THESE LIBERTIES. By "EVOE" (E. V. KNOX). 4s. 6d. net.
ENGLISH DIARIES. By ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P. 21s. net.
SHELLEY: The Man and the Poet. By A. CLUTTON BROOK. A New Edition. 12s. 6d. net.
THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN: An Enquiry into the Early History of Civilization. By W. J. PERRY, M.A. With Maps. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.
GREAT AND SMALL THINGS. By SIR RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
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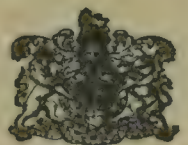
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No Change
This Year.

Just before the House of Commons rose for the Easter recess it was announced by Colonel Ashley, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, that the report of the committee on

It seems to have been appointed on the principle of setting a number of partisans to fight out the matter among themselves. The result was a foregone conclusion, since the partisans of the horse-power tax were in an easy majority. The net result would obviously have been the retention of the tax on horse-power, with the added disadvantage that we should have been told once more that the matter had been inquired into by a committee consisting mainly of people identified with motoring, and that they, as motorists, had agreed that this form of taxation is by far the best, and the one which the motorist himself most approves.

In all the circumstances, it would seem the proper course to be adopted for the opponents of the horse-power tax, who represent the private owner and the motor trade, to withdraw altogether from participation in what is really neither more nor less than a farce. The next step is to urge the appointment of a Select Committee of Parliament to conduct an impartial inquiry and to see that proper measures are taken for presenting the case

for an alternative method of taxation as it really should be put. It is not only a waste of valuable time for these representatives to continue the work of the present inquiry, but it is actually detrimental, and may even be fatal.

In the meantime, the organisations concerned are lying low and saying very little. I think the time has come when a pronouncement is due, and for them to explain what their present and future attitude towards this burning question is and is going to be.

A New Fuel.

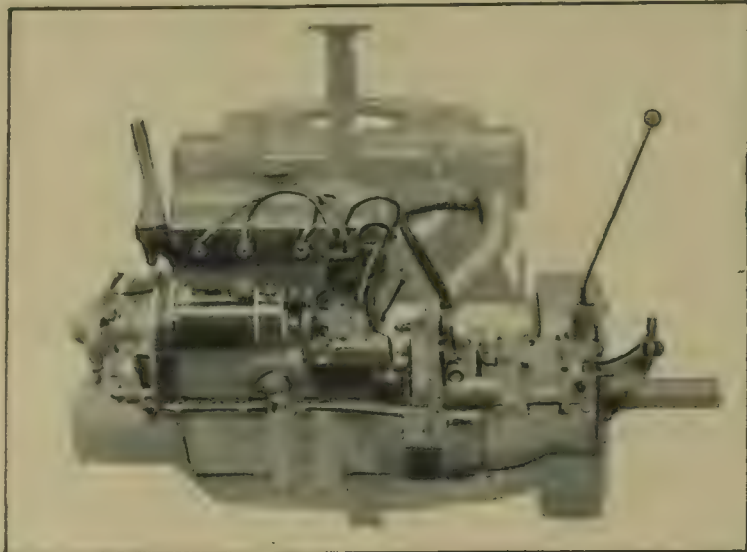
One hears wonderful reports about a new motor fuel which goes by the name of Discol. I understand that this was used with considerable success by some of the competitors in the Easter Meeting at Brooklands. Discol has an alcohol base, and I understand it will soon be available for sale to the general public. There seems to be no doubt that it does give more power than either petrol or a petrol-benzol mixture, even in engines of conventional design. To obtain the best results, however, it is necessary to raise the compression ratio, which, of course, entails the spending of a more or less considerable amount of money. Moreover, the fuel at the present moment is costly—six shillings per gallon is, I believe, the present price. Furthermore, larger jets have to be fitted in the carburetter, and the fuel-consumption is increased roughly by forty per cent. On the whole, therefore, it does not at the moment appeal to one as a very attractive proposition.



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taxation would not be rendered in time for its conclusions to affect the motor taxation clauses of the Finance Bill. On the whole, I think this is a good thing as matters stand. There is not a shadow of doubt but that the committee would have rendered a majority report in favour of a retention of the tax on horse-power. Therefore, there would have been no change, and we are thus no worse off than we should have been. As a matter of fact, we are probably better off, because there is a chance that during the ensuing twelve months we may succeed in getting a really impartial inquiry into the taxation question. By no stretch of imagination can the present committee be described as other than extremely partial.



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(Continued overleaf.)



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Full particulars from the Maison du Tourisme, Chambéry, or from Sphere Travel-Bureau, Great New Street, London, E.C.4.

Continued.

petrol or benzol. Incidentally, while on the subject of fuel, it is claimed that a new bacillus has been discovered which will produce, practically for nothing, a motor fuel, closely allied to alcohol, from brewers' and distillers' waste! Let us hope it is true.

Tyre Life.

Before the war five thousand miles of use was considered good for a set of pneumatic tyres. In fact, if one got any greater service than is expressed in such a mileage figure it was thought to be something very remarkable indeed. Manufacturing processes and rubber mixtures have since been so improved that twice or even three times this mileage is considered quite ordinary, and the motorist who succeeded in wearing out his tyres in the conventional five thousand miles would consider he had a legitimate grievance against the manufacturers. There are several quite remarkable tyre tests going on just now. In one case a set of tyres is being tested on a six-cylinder Napier which has covered very nearly 30,000 miles without anything that can properly be called trouble. Yet another set has covered fifteen thousand, the intention in this case being a mileage of 20,000, which will almost certainly be achieved. These are very remarkable records, and reflect immense credit on the manufacturers of the tyres concerned. All the same, I believe that any good British tyre of the day will stand up equally well, given proper attention to inflation pressures and ordinary care in driving. I have three tyres on my car now that are close on to their thirteenth thousand, and look good for many more yet. The fourth was scrapped as a result of sheer bad luck, or it might still be running to complete the record of the whole set. No accessory of the car has been so much improved since the war as the pneumatic tyre.

Hire and Drive.

Quite a number of people who are expert drivers sometimes find themselves in the position of having to hire a car while awaiting delivery of a new one, or through some fortuitous reason which has deprived them for the time being of a car of their own. Of course, it is easy enough to hire a car, but there is nothing your true motorist dislikes more than being driven. One or two firms in London will hire out cars for the hirer to drive himself, but, generally speaking, the cars available are not quite all they might be. There is one concern, however—Messrs. Godfrey Davis, Ltd., of 141, New Bond Street—which makes a strong feature of this kind of business. They possess a fleet of new 13.9 standard cars which are kept in the very

pink of condition, and which can be hired and driven by a hirer on quite moderate terms. This service is really a boon to people who, as I have said, are temporarily without a car, and to motorists home on leave from Overseas who desire to tour, but do not consider it worth while to purchase a car for use during a short stay in England. W. W.

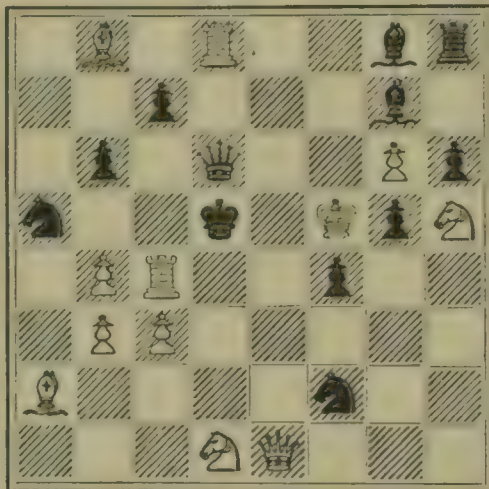
CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15 Essex Street, W.C.2. Strand.

E J SCRIMGEOUR (East Sheen).—Thanks for problem, which shall receive attention.

R S WALTERS (Kensington).—We do not agree with you. There is plenty of scope for genius still, though we must not expect a Morphy or a Pillsbury in every generation.

PROBLEM No 3903.—By JAMES M. K. LUPTON.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3900 received from Senex and James M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3901 from E M Vicars (Norfolk), E J Gibbs (East Ham), George Sale (Bournemouth), Senex, E Pinkney (Driffield), T H Weston (Streatham) and P W Hunt (Bridgwater).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3902 received from Joseph Willcock (Southampton), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham) and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3901.—By JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE

1. Q to Kt 4th
2. Q to K 7th (ch)
3. Q to R 4th (mate).

BLACK

- K to Kt 4th
- K to R 3rd

If Black play, 1. K to Kt 6th, 2. Q to K sq (ch) etc. and if 1. P to Kt 6th, then 2. Q to K 7th (ch) etc.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played on No. 1 Board in match between the Blackpool Central and the Lancaster Chess Clubs (Mr. O. A. LABONE and Mr. G. KIER).
(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. O. H. L.)

1. P to K 4th

2. P takes P

3. Kt to Q B 3rd

Many authorities, including

Mason and Blackburne, consider

this Black's best reply.

4. B to B 4th

5. P to Q 3rd

6. Kt to B 3rd

A strange mistake to be made

by the chooser of the opening.

He appears to have been taken

out of the regular track by White's

continuation at his fourth move.

The game is here practically lost.

7. B takes P (ch)

8. Kt to K 5 (ch)

9. Kt takes B

10. Kt to K 3rd

11. Castles

12. Q to K 2nd

13. K Kt to Q sq

14. B to K 3rd

The Queen is in a parlous plight,

and can only be extricated at the

expense of time and position. We

consider Q to Kt 4th at once was

better.

15. P to K Kt 3rd

16. P to K 3rd

Now Q to K 3rd, followed by

B to B sq, seems the right play.

BLACK (Mr. G. K.)

1. P to K 4th

2. P takes P

3. Kt to Q B 3rd

Many authorities, including

Mason and Blackburne, consider

this Black's best reply.

4. B to B 4th

5. P to Q 3rd

6. Kt to B 3rd

A strange mistake to be made

by the chooser of the opening.

He appears to have been taken

out of the regular track by White's

continuation at his fourth move.

The game is here practically lost.

7. B takes P (ch)

8. Kt to K 5 (ch)

9. Kt takes B

10. Kt to K 3rd

11. Castles

12. Q to K 2nd

13. K Kt to Q sq

14. B to K 3rd

The Queen is in a parlous plight,

and can only be extricated at the

expense of time and position. We

consider Q to Kt 4th at once was

better.

15. P to K Kt 3rd

16. P to K 3rd

Now Q to K 3rd, followed by

B to B sq, seems the right play.

WHITE (Mr. H. H. L.)

17. Kt to B 2nd

18. B to R 6th

Seizing the key of the position.

Black cannot now escape.

18. K to B 2nd

19. Q Kt to K 4th

20. Kt takes Kt

21. P to K B 4th

22. P to B 5th

Better than P takes P (dis. ch),

as, by opening the way for White's

brilliant continuation, it secures

for him command of the file.

22. P takes P

23. R takes P (ch)

24. Q to R 5th

25. Q to R 3rd

26. Q to R 3rd

27. R to B 7th

28. R takes Kt

29. Q R to B 7th

30. K takes B

31. R takes Kt

32. Kt to Kt 5th

33. B takes R

34. R tks KRP (ch)

35. R to R 8 (ch)

36. Kt to K 6 (ch)

Black resigns.

From the very opening, White

has completely out-generalised his

opponent.

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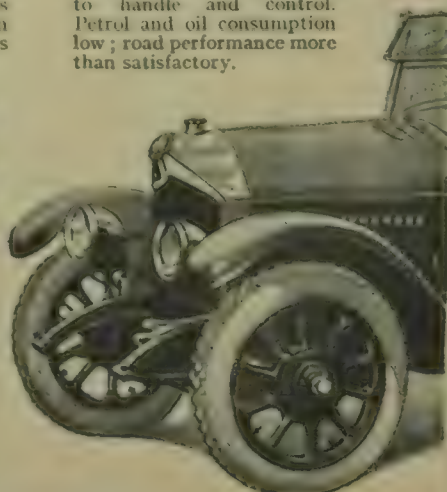
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. GROSSMITH'S REVIVAL OF "THE GAY LORD QUEX." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

IT comes as something of a shock to the middle-aged playgoer to discover that twenty-three years have gone by since Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Sir John Hare thrilled our nerves in the exciting bed-room scene of "The Gay Lord Quex." Yet a play which is found on revival to treat a manicurist's shop in Bond Street as a new fad of Society and regards palmistry as also very nearly a novelty obviously dates; and even more old-fashioned are at least a couple of Sir Arthur Pinero's Society types and their jargon. Robertson might have fathered Sir Chichester Frayne, the battered old blackguard who leers at every woman he meets; while the Duchess of Strood, that sentimental amorist who is so rhapsodical in her reminiscences, might have walked straight out of an old-time novellette. No wonder that at His Majesty's Mr. Nicholas Hannen and Miss Viola Tree boldly travesty these parts—they must, to make their stilted speeches endurable to-day. The whole story, indeed, and atmosphere of the drama are novelettish when, not consciously or unconsciously farcical. And yet there remains enough in the old piece to make its revival worth while. The character of Sophy Fullgarney, the Cockney manicurist, loyal champion of youth in love, unscrupulous mischief-maker who assumes the mission of rescuing the foster-sister she adores from marriage with a roué, still has flesh and blood in her; and the big scene between Sophy and the "gay" Lord provides sufficient opportunities for acting of the fireworks kind to make a new actress's attack on the rôle of the heroine

an event of more than common interest. Miss Irene Browne comes out of her ordeal surprisingly well; an artist of ripe experience could not have ranged more successfully than she does through the gamut of emotions in the bed-room episode, and her comedy moments have only one fault—that of being slightly too hysterical. What she misses in Sophy—and a young actress who has scored so great a triumph can afford to hear the truth—is the note of pathos. Who can forget the sob that was a heart-break in Miss Vanbrugh's Sophy when she thought her Muriel had left her without a word? That we do not get from Miss Browne. Mr. George Grossmith's Quex is adequate, and now and then pleasingly boyish, but seems to be too self-effacing in the interests of his Sophy. Not only are his movements stiff and automatic, he appears afraid to let himself go. Still, if he lacks charm and sometimes authority, he never lets the play down.

"THE RAINBOW," AT THE EMPIRE.

An unrehearsed event in the shape of a speech delivered at curtain-fall by one of the comedians, who protested that he had not been given sufficient scope in the piece, caused a sensation at the first night of "The Rainbow," and has come in for far more comment than the revue itself. Mr. Jack Edge was the comedian, and he is no longer in the Empire cast. If Mr. Edge has gone, Mr. Ernest Thesiger remains, and continues to be the strong prop of the entertainment. Indeed, it is interesting to note how skilfully this accomplished actor, who has won fame in Barrie, Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett plays, adjusts himself to his new milieu. He gets his best effects as the red-haired lady with a past in the sketch entitled

"The Price of True Love"; but he is not always given good enough material, and the sooner the Empire librettists find him parts as effective as that of this gay dame the better will be the chances of their entertainment. Not that Mlle. Andrée is not very delightful in the dancing turn, "My Lady's Boudoir," or the sixteen Empire Girls in their ensemble dance with tambourines; not that the "Plantation Days" scene, rendered by coloured artists, is not at once amusing and bizarre, or that there is not a certain gorgeousness in the scenic effects; but a revue depends largely on its leading comedian's opportunities, and Mr. Thesiger needs more.

"AT MRS. BEAM'S," AT THE ROYALTY.

The hopes of the younger generation of playgoers—and perhaps playwrights—are pinned so resolutely to the work of Mr. C. K. Munro, author of "The Rumour" and "At Mrs. Beam's," that it is a matter of satisfaction to have the latter of these two plays transferred from the stage of Everyman's to the more central Royalty Theatre. The wit and unconventionality of this brilliantly written burlesque "crook" drama seem to be just as thoroughly appreciated in West London as in the northern suburb, and there is just as much laughter in the one theatre as in the other over its caustic studies of boarding-house types. Fortunately, many of the original players remain in the cast, notably Miss Jean Cadell, whose portrait of that inquisitive gossip, Miss Shoe, is really little less than a masterpiece. Miss Adela Mavis replaces, satisfactorily enough, Miss Hilda Moore; and in Mr. Franklin Dyal's part now appears Mr. Dennis Eadie.



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